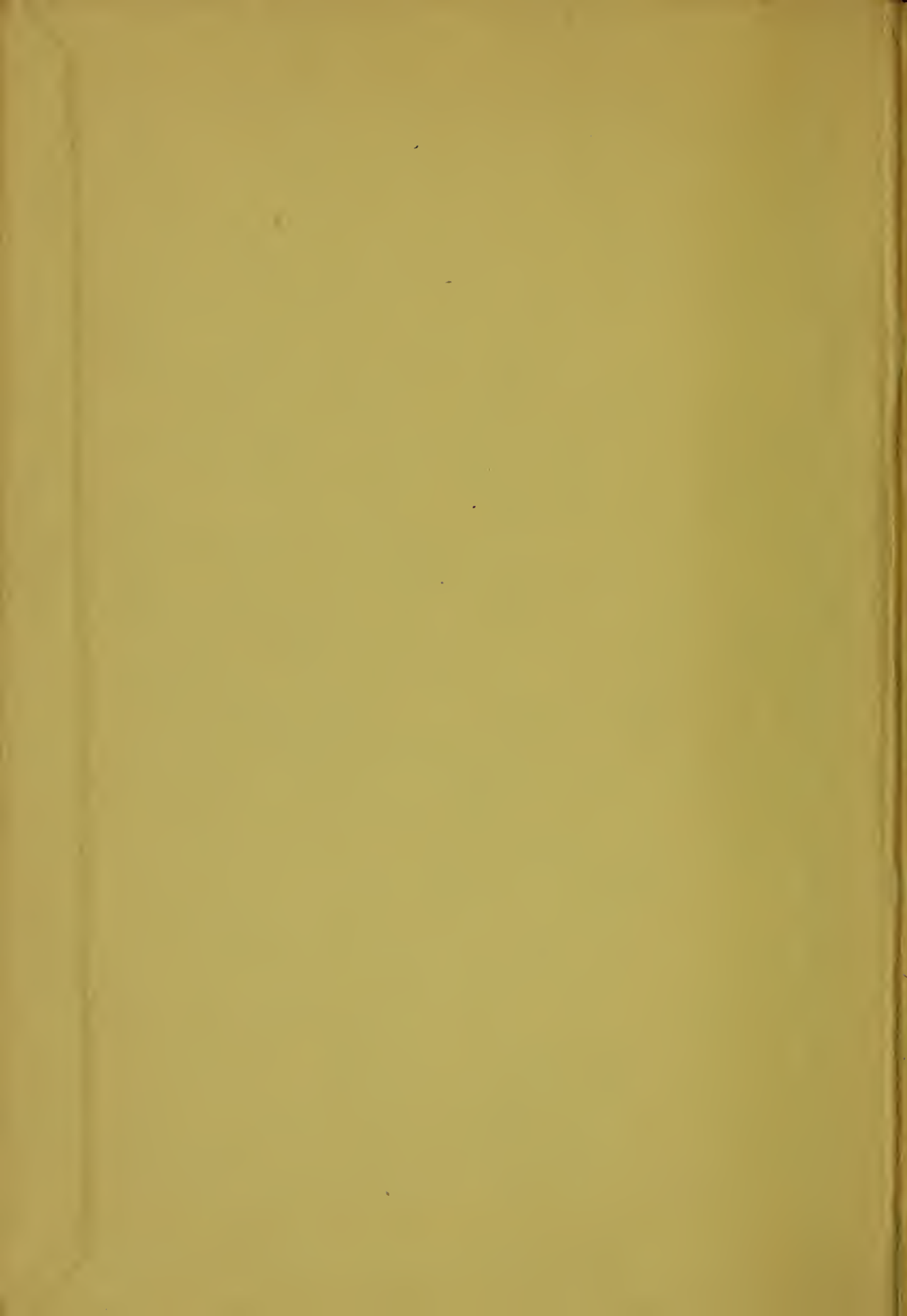




The LINK

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE



FIGHTING MEN AND THEIR BIBLES

By FRANCIS CARR STIFLER

Volume 2

Number 9



They Bear a Cross

They bear a cross, a bright cross made
By wings and a propeller blade.

The men who dare the foe to try
In thrilling warfare of the sky,
In dogfight or on bombing raid.

How well they know what price is paid
For softening up or front delayed,
For in their hearts through hours they fly—
They bear a cross.

These men have looked to God and prayed
And know the gift of heavenly aid,
And like His Son, sent from on high,
Because their business is to die,
Nor can the agony be stayed—
They bear a cross.

By Ann Barcus Minga

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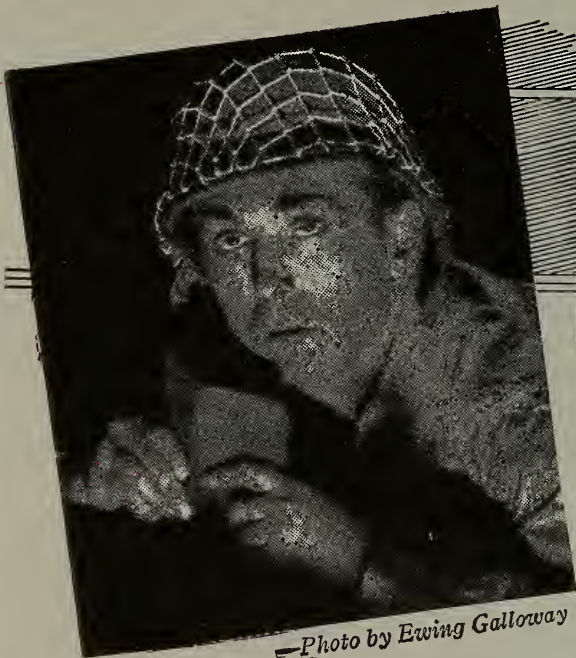
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CLARENCE W. HALL, Editor

FIGHTING MEN AND *Their* *Bibles*



—Photo by Ewing Galloway



By FRANCIS CARR STIFLER

WHEN it is all over, I hope someone will write the story of the superb part the chaplains are playing in this war. Their contribution, as most of you who know them will readily agree, is magnificent. In this war they are really chaplains. Their entire time is given to strictly religious services and ministries. I think this is one of the reasons for the greater popularity of the Bible among you men and women in the armed forces. You not only possess the Book—practically every one of you—but you are being encouraged by the chaplains to read it, to make it a part of your thinking and your life.

I was recently given an abstract of a letter from a soldier in North Africa. He wrote: "We go to church in the field, as you know. Once it poured, when halfway through the service, but no man left. Another time, at ill-fated Faïd Pass, church services were held in another manner. We were under artillery fire, and a church as-

sembly was out of the question. But, being quite a determined man, our chaplain solved this by sending a message, together with several Testaments, to the various foxholes. The message requested us to read several verses in the Testament, then pass the note and the book on to the next foxhole. This we did, and the result was an immediate brightening of our outlook.

"We didn't go to church—the Church, that cold, windy Sunday, came to us. In view of what lay in store for us the next week, I appreciate now those few verses from the Scriptures. Incidentally, this chaplain chose to stay on the mountain with both our wounded and some wounded Germans we had taken. He was taken prisoner the night we left our mountain position and cut our way back to our lines through nine miles of enemy-held territory. Everyone misses this chaplain, and he was, and is, one of the sources of inspiration that led our regiment through Foundouk and subsequent actions."

I have read literally hundreds of letters written by chaplains to the American Bible Society. They are filled with testimony to the unrivaled usefulness of the little pocket Testaments with which you are supplied. A chaplain of the Marines wrote recently from

somewhere in the Southwest Pacific: "Please never believe anyone who may say that the men take the Bibles and Testaments only to put away and not to read or study. This is far from the truth. The Testament is a wonder-worker in a foxhole when an air raid is on, and the bombs come close to your place of safety."

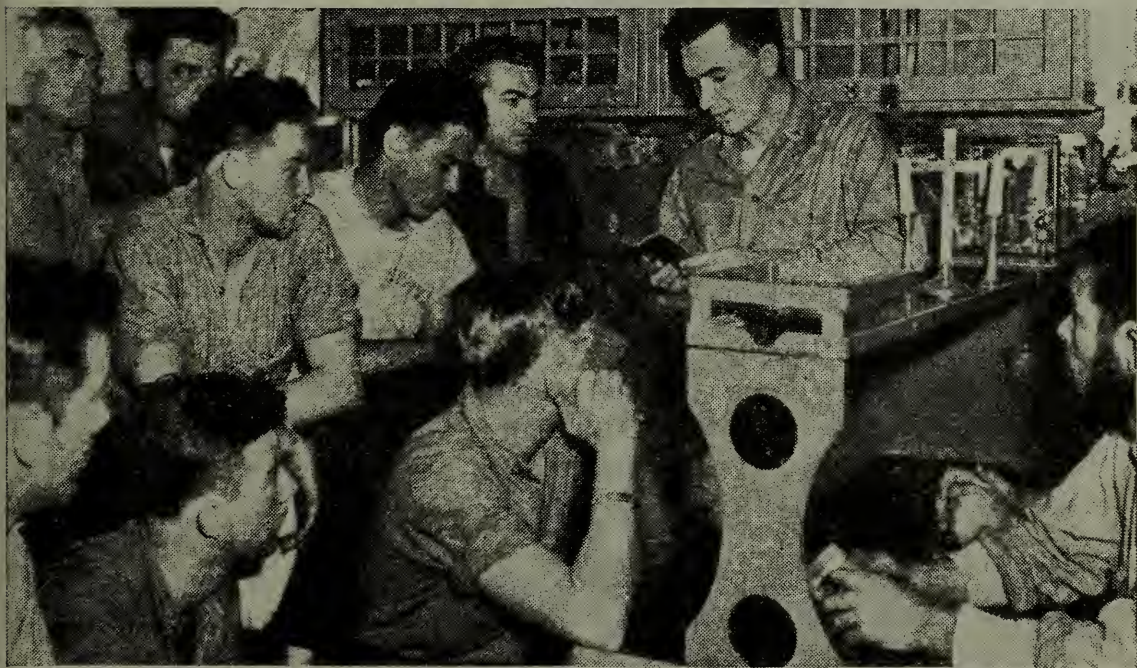
Another chaplain, serving where 3,000 new cadet trainees were arriving fresh from civilian life every three days, found that half of the men asked for pocket Testaments. He says that the Testament is the center of the chaplain's work. "I use it," he said, "as a means of contact with the men, the most of whom have not previously realized that religion is very strong in the army. The Testament is a tangible evidence of that strength, and also of the interest all religious people everywhere have in soldiers. Much of my preaching is around two themes, both very practical: first, I advise the soldier that he should read his Testament constantly; and, second, that he com-

mune regularly with his God in prayer. These twin approaches to God are both very real, and can certainly fulfill the great need every soldier feels within his heart."

Somebody wrote to me the other day, saying: "Yes, I believe most of our service men have a Bible. But I am afraid that too many of them carry them around as amulets; some others may do a little reading of them when they have nothing else to do; but I never heard of any of our boys finding Christ in their Bibles."

In reply to that I could quote from two letters I recently received. One was from a chaplain down in Mississippi. He says: "Not long ago a young man asked me if I would get him a whole Bible. I did so. Later on he asked for an interview. In the conference with him I found that he was under conviction and wanted to accept Christ. I felt so keenly God's presence with this boy, who had been attending my chapel services."

Another chaplain, serving in a camp in Virginia, wrote: "I have had a fruitful ex-



Chaplain W. S. Brown, Bible in hand, with small cross placed on mess counter, conducting a service in a submarine far out and under the sea on war patrol. (Official U. S. Navy Photograph)

perience in using the New Testament in leading men to Christ. During August we had over 200 men to accept Christ, and their membership transferred to their home church."

Some months ago I asked one of the high ranking Navy chaplains, now in New York after having just completed a 50,000 mile tour by air over the whole North Pacific front from Sitka to Kiska, if the men were using their Bibles up there. He told me he believed there was not a single sailor in the Aleutians who had not had the opportunity of possessing a New Testament. He said that most of the men lived in Quonset huts, ten to twenty-five together. "It is not an uncommon sight," he said, "to see a half dozen of these men sitting on their bunks, reading their Testaments in their leisure hours or before they go to bed."

The chaplain went on to tell me that he was on Attu before the fighting there had ceased, and stated that one American Bible Society Testament, published in Tokyo in Japanese, was found in one of the abandoned huts of the enemy. There was a general scramble to possess this book. It changed hands five times, the last price paid for it being \$25. Obviously, by the inscription on the flyleaf, it had been given to the Japanese soldier by his father, who wrote in it to the effect that the boy might not come back, but that if he lived according to the teachings of this Book he would have life eternal.

That reminds us that this wonderful Book is not just the Book that brings guidance and hope and consolation and salvation to

you American service men who are fighting and dying for American ideals. It belongs to the fighting men of every nation.

One recalls the magnificent service the American Bible Society has been rendering now for over three years to the millions of men penned up in the prison camps of Germany. I am informed that more than a half million books, largely New Testaments, published in thirty-four different languages, have been furnished these men. And over here thousands of Testaments in the German, Italian and Japanese languages have been supplied to the men of the Axis armies interned in prison camps in this country. Furthermore, you will be interested to know that the American Bible Society recently shipped 80,000 New Testaments in Spanish for the use of the soldiers of our neighbor allies to the South.

It is heartening to think of this old Book bringing its message of courage and hope, its cleansing light of God's truth, into the hearts of uncounted thousands of men serving their nation on the far-flung fronts of this global war. What a glorious institution the Bible is in the world's life! How much blacker this dark world would be were it not for this ancient light that shines on ever brighter in the darkness, and which the darkness cannot put out!

I like to believe that, in the days following the war, we shall find a new strength coming to our churches and a new spirit stirring in our nation's life, because so many thousands of you, our finest young men, have found purifying strength in the pages of the Word of God.

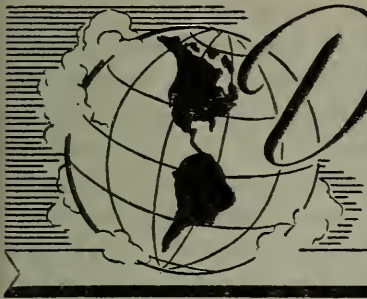


1918—1944

HARDSHIP will be your lot, but trust in God will give you comfort. Temptation will befall you, but the teaching of our Saviour will give you strength. Let your valor as a soldier and your conduct as a man be an inspiration to your comrades and an honor to your country.

—GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING to his men, in 1918

THE WORLD'S TWO



Decisive Battles

First of a pair of articles outlining the two conflicts that are basically the cause and cure of this and all wars

By PVT. FRANK N. PORHOLAK



A MAN stands before a strategic map covering an entire side of the library in which he works. In his hands are map pins, their heads colored variously. He is busily engaged in reconstructing battles according to a book which lies open on the desk in his study. It is entitled, "Decisive Battles, Their Influence Upon History and Civilization." The volume covers thirty-seven battles and campaigns in over two thousand years of human history.

If we ask our historian standing before the strategic map where these battles had been fought, he would say, "The decisive battles have been fought here, and here, and here." From his hand he would select a pin whose head is black and jab it on a certain spot saying, "This is the enemy"—for the enemy is always black. Then a white pin for our side—for we are always white. The gray pin is for our allies. The other colors are for the shifting tides of battles and campaigns which make up the war.

And we intently watch what the man is doing. On the map each country is painted its own distinctive color. Each is studded with map pins of various hues. But, we ask,



The first invasion, with Eden the beachhead

are the decisive battles of mankind made of such material? The answer is, No!

The battlefield of all decisive battles is not soil but spirit. The battles are waged in the souls of persons, not on the soils of countries. If a pin must mark the spot, then stick one in the quivering heart of a mother to mark the battle that rages there over sending her son to fight and possibly die in a war which was none of their choosing. If a pin must mark the spot, then stick one in the soul of a wife and say, "Here rages a battle over her husband's going overseas." Stick a pin at every railroad station, where mothers and fathers, sweethearts and wives, say goodbyes with lips that seem to be

singing but hearts that are breaking. Stick a pin at every embarkation point where men, to hide their real emotions, speak gruffly to bolster the sagging spirits of loved ones. Stick a pin wherever you see a home with service stars hanging in the window of the heart if none is hanging from the window of the house. No, the decisive battles are not fought on soil. They are fought in the intrepid spirits of mortals.

None Untouched by These Battles

Strange that this book does not record the two battles which alone actually influenced not only history and civilization, but the entire creation as well. Not a single soul that was ever born, or ever will be born, was untouched by the outcome of these two decisive battles. Both were fought in a garden. In each a single man was involved. What he did as a consequence of his decision affected all mankind.

The first battle was in a beautiful garden called Eden. It was a veritable paradise. What a strange site in which to stage a battle! Was it over another people? No, for there were but two humans alive on the face of the earth, and they were husband and wife. Was it over property? No, for these two were lords of all they surveyed. They had been commissioned by the Owner to cultivate this portion of the earth's surface committed to their care. Was it over wealth? No, for they had no need of money. There was nothing they could buy that they did not already possess as a gift from their Benefactor. Was it over ambition? No, for they were king and queen, monarchs of all they surveyed. Their subjects were the animals of the field, the creatures of the seas and the birds of the heavens. Over what, then, was this battle fought?

It was fought over whether their Benefactor had their best interests at heart. It was over the question as to whether He had

really provided them with all that they should have.

The Slanderer suggested that a garden and its fruit, and sway over the various creatures of God's creation, was not enough. Their supposed Friend was keeping something from them. He did not want them to eat of the fruit of a certain tree because they too would then become as gods. They would have the knowledge of good and evil, as did God. They would then be equal with Him. Besides, for that matter, He would not really cause them to die. In the day that they ate thereof they would not surely die. It was merely a threat designed to keep them in obtuse ignorance. This One did not keep His promises. What He ordained could, with impunity, be disregarded. "Take and eat, and you shall become as gods," said the Slanderer and Adversary.

Thus the battle was fought and the issues decided in the struggle that took place in the soul of Adam and his wife. It was a battle fraught with tremendous consequences. The decision was made and the die cast. The woman saw that the tree was good for food, that it was delectable to the sight, and a tree to be desired to make one wise. She took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also to her husband with her, and he did eat.

Scars That Date from Eden

You say, "Well, is that all there is to it? Is that all that happened?" No, that is not all there was to it and that is not all that happened. The battle that was waged and lost that day scarred you and me and gave us a heritage which has served to make us what we now are.

Where there had been a garden there was soon to be a desert, choked with weeds and thorns. Where there had been no pain there was now sorrow. Where there had been innocence there was now guilt. Where

there had been fellowship there was now distrust. Where there had been love there was now hate. Where there had been life there was now death.

"Through one man sin entered into the world, and through sin death," says Paul in Romans about the battle fought in the garden of Eden. Adam's one act of disobedience affected all humanity. It affected all creation. It put man at odds with the beasts of the field who had been his friends. Between them there had been no fear. But there was now. Nevertheless the greatest hurt was not between man and woman, or between them and the animals, nor between them and the rest of creation.

Greatest Hurt to Heart of God

The greatest hurt was to the heart of God. He had been slandered by an enemy to His two friends, and they had believed the enemy rather than trust Him. The Slanderer had cast aspersions on the character of their Friend and, though He had never disappointed them, they had turned against Him at the suggestion of the evil One. There was now no fellowship possible between them. Man was cut off from communion with his Creator, and this was not good for him.

But was this all? No! What was more sad was that God was to be lonely. He was to be robbed of His two friends because of their one act of disobedience. They had, in a time of testing, refused to believe Him. They had committed a breach of faith by surrendering the citadel of their souls to the Slanderer, thus dispossessing the right-ful Guest.

Now man could not have access to God at will, and God could not walk and talk with His creatures whenever He would. There was now a barrier erected by disbelief. It could be surmounted only by a cross, erected in love, on a hill called Golgotha.

[End of Part One]

See the Chaplain

*If you're feeling down and out,
Struggling with many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears with-
out—*

See the chaplain.

*He will give your heart a lift,
For cheering folks he has a gift—
See the chaplain.*

*If you have a problem tough,
And the going seems a bit too
rough
So you feel you've had enough—
See the chaplain.*

*He'll know how to clear the way
And point you to a better day—
See the chaplain.*

*If you've some worry on your mind
About the folks you've left behind,
And need advice, both wise and
kind—
See the chaplain.*

*Talking it over will make you feel
better,
Perhaps he can help by writing a
letter—
See the chaplain.*

*Don't wait till you have troubles,
boys,
He wants to hear about your joys,
Sweethearts, wives, and girls or
boys—
See the chaplain.*

*He wants to share your joy and
sorrow,
Go and talk to him tomorrow—
See the chaplain.*

—PAUL E. PARKER
Army Air Base, Alliance, Ncbr.

This moving letter from a mother to her Navy son out in the Pacific might have been written by any mother—yours perhaps—who is praying daily that you may be adequate for not only war—but peace!

AN OPEN LETTER FROM

Mom



DEAREST BOY O' OURS:

Here we are again, same old desk, same familiar window and the same pen I've known longer than I've known you. I gave it to your dad the year we were married and I've used it ever since! Pays to choose gifts wisely!

I hope I have some new thoughts though, or at least can dress up the old ones with spring freshness. They've been chasing one another around in my mind a lot lately, and all of them seem to wind about you. They give me about as much relaxation as you used to in the days when you chased balls and boys in and out of the house. But even as I look back a bit longingly on those days. I won't complain too much now of the thoughts that play in my mind. Some may get to first base anyway, and by teamwork we might even aspire to a home-run!

While you boys "out there" are giving everything you have to save this old world, so we can all have a chance to do a bit of remodeling on it, we really aren't sitting at home rocking by the fire. Heaps of people are passing by that favorite chair and out the door on the run to factory, office, hospital, Red Cross headquarters, church.

THE AUTHOR of the above letter (Mrs. Emory Ross) is vice-president of The United Council of Church Women. Member of New York City's Central Disciples Church, which supplies copies of this magazine to all its members in service. She is also the sponsor of the Service Men's Wives Club. The SWANS, which means "Service Wives Association for Needlework and Solace," also receives THE LINK. The son to whom the above letter is addressed is Lieut. Roger P. Ross, USNR.

By MYRTA P. ROSS

Spurred on by what you and your comrades are doing, we dare not give less than our best wherever we find we can serve here at home.

And as folks rush about on their various home-front missions, I fancy lots more of them breathe prayers than were accustomed to in their comfy chair at home. I know I have a little "order of service" for the five blocks I walk to work. It begins with "Eternal Father Strong to Save," and the number of verses I recite depends on how I strike the red and green lights. When I get to Broadway I know it's time for the "meditation." Not that Dad and I don't meditate at home together in the morning before we set out for the day, but that walk gives opportunity for an "extra." I think lots of people, in the least expected places, are doing "extras" today.

And well we may if we are going to forge out of this red-hot world the Kingdom, for which Christ drew the blueprints. Our young friend Warren Crafton has

been speaking to students about "How to Master Moods in Times That Depress," "How to Keep Faith in Humanity in an Inhuman Age," "How to Think Straight Through Fogs of Prejudice," "How to Make *One* Life Count in a World of Crowds."

These pretty superbly express some of the chasings around in my mind. I ask each question not only against my own life but against yours and Betsy's and Rae's. For your lives are more precious than mine, more talented, with more years ahead. We are in a day of pressures, and will be for years ahead. May you find the secret of calm in the midst of commotion and be able to keep your head when the mob loses theirs.

You know the source of that secret. Drink oft of its waters. Hold sacred things ever sacred. I need not admonish you to be noble and unselfish, for those are qualities that are a very part of you. Because I've learned that life's pressures push in the direction of your deepest and finest loyalties, I have no fear for you—no matter what the day brings.

Lights That Blinked Out

I read the other day that "out of twenty-one great civilizations fourteen have already perished and others are in eclipse. The once bright lights of Babylon, Egypt, the Hellenic and Roman, the Mayas and Incas—all went out in darkness. They lacked the salt of self-preservation, and God could no longer use them."

This sobering thought pops into my mind Sunday mornings as the bus takes us through Times Square on our way to church. The crowds, cued up even at that early hour waiting to see something exciting, are evidence of the tastes we've cultivated which are rather far removed from the purposes of the founding of our land. And the midnight-to-early-morning hours

on the subways are full of testimony that the \$6,000,000,000 spent last year by our nation on liquor doesn't make us more intelligent to meet the crises of these days.

Flames of Hate Being Fanned

Hatred flames are being fanned by even intelligent but misdirected people, and they will crumble the foundations of the very world you are struggling for unless more of us volunteer to lift high the stream of understanding and friendship between nations and races.

It is encouraging when our government makes available an address delivered by Ben Kuroki, Japanese-American of the U. S. Army Air Force. His is the story of his struggle to prove himself loyal to his America, of how he found true democracy under combat conditions where for fifteen months he really experienced the brotherhood, tolerance and equality we Americans preach. "Under fire," he says, "a man's ancestry, what he did before the war, and not even his rank, matters much. You're a team, fighting for each other's lives and for your country. You're living and proving true democracy."

Ben Kuroki has thirty stiff missions to his credit—North Africa, Sicily, the Ploesti oilfields, Europe. Yet here he is now, in his own country, and in spite of uniform and medals that bespeak what he has been through, he doesn't feel it's safe to walk the streets of his own land! "Yet I'll stick by the creed of the Japanese-Americans," he says, and "shall never become bitter or lose faith, for I know such persons are not representative of the majority of Americans."

Negro friends of mine tell me what is happening to their sons—doctors, engineers, lawyers, scientists. Discrimination has been pretty bad in the services. Yet just as Black and White and Yellow built the Ledo Road and are defending it, so the highways

of this earth must be built and defended by all men working together. There still are certain laws that have to be obeyed or we pay the penalty.

Some things still are just plain *sin*, even though folks do them with worldly approval. Their wages are death just as truly as in the centuries past. No one can look on the world today and deny it. But the numbers working together on the highways for the new world are growing, and, viewed in the panorama of the ages, the world is better. We can help speed the day along.

"Without God man *cannot*, without man God *will not*, usher in the new day." So I guess it's up to you and me and the rest, isn't it?

The censor is weary, I know. And you? My constant prayer seals the letter: "God keep you for the purpose that is His for you, and prepare you for it, whatever it may be."

Now "Goodnight, wherever you are, Goodnight!"

Our heart's love ever,

MOM.

Mention "The Link" When Writing Home!

✓ I've watched with great interest the growth and development of THE LINK. Each issue seems to top the previous one. The thing that makes this magazine unique is the variety in subject matter and its human realistic and personal appeal. I've enjoyed every issue and look forward to each new one.

I cannot help but ask these questions: How many of our churches are using THE LINK? Do they realize its usefulness? Here is a magazine especially suited for their work with soldiers. Here is a magazine in which they have a voice. And, above all, here is a magazine through which soldiers from all churches are voicing their opinions. What better material could they have at their fingertips for so little cost? I've already written my Sunday school superintendent and made some recommendation.

I'm interested in Christian work and am spending a portion of my spare time studying the associations between the soldier, his church, and Christian organizations back home. During an assignment in the northwest, we had a group of soldiers who were active in church work. We conducted church services and took part in young people's meetings. On one occasion the pastor of a church could not be present, so he asked the soldiers to take over.

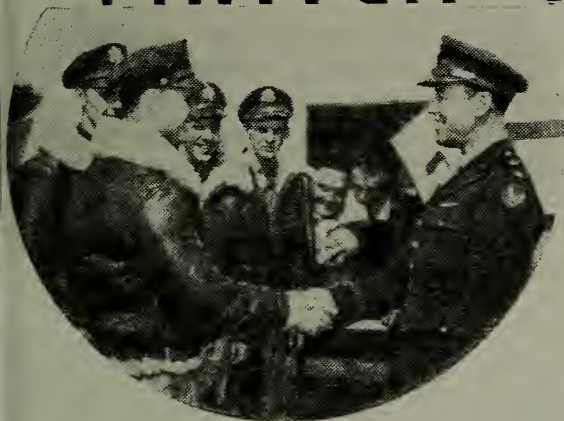
We introduced THE LINK material to the young people's group, and they have used it on several occasions since. The evening

that we introduced THE LINK we had a panel discussion, using these questions: (1) What is the Church doing now for the young men in the armed forces? and (2) How can the Church better prepare itself for the return of the boys? There is a close relationship between these two questions, and I hope that no church has left them out of its program. If they have, they will find themselves in a precarious position when the boys return.

I have a firm conviction that the Church will regain its position in the world. My reason is that the young men and women returning from the battle areas will have a definite spiritual conviction in their hearts, for God has been made *real* to them. (I like that word "real." If we were to look it up in the dictionary, we would find it means "genuine, sincere, authentic, and existing.") Their experiences have brought them to the full realization and meaning of the phrase "supreme sacrifice."

Whether they were brought up in Sunday school or not, they will know the meaning of the sacrifice our Lord made on Calvary. Many have accepted the Christ as their personal Saviour. Again I ask, what kind of a Church will they come back to? Yes, it is about time that we give Christianity a chance. As Chaplain Joseph L. Schuler put it in a recent LINK article, "It hasn't yet been tried!"—S/SGT. WAYNE P. HARLEY, *Fort Lewis, Wash.*

PRAYER ON THE Wing



Chaplain Morgan welcomes a new member to his up-and-coming group



It's founder has an idea: Why not enlist men into a "prayer squadron"? He thought he might get a hundred or so. He got 9,000!



By S / SGT. MERLE O. MAHER



FOR one split second the glance of an American flyer somewhere over Europe catches a picture of a P-38 printed in blue ink on a little card tacked in the cockpit of his plane. There is no time for his eyes to rest as he darts this way in pursuit of an enemy, then that way to get out of range of his gunfire. But that swift glance brings comfort—a feeling of security—in spite of the agony and physical danger of the task in which he is engaged.

That little picture is the emblem of the "North Atlantic Wing Prayer Squadron" of which that American lad is a part. He has tacked it there to remind him, when the test is severest, that God still is above. It has performed its mission. "Thank you, Father," he breathes.

Another flyer, roaring over the broad

reaches of the Atlantic in a craft that is one of a huge fleet, draws a card from his pocket and looks at the little blue P-38 shown on it. There, too, is his own name, indicating that he also is a member of the North Atlantic Wing Prayer Squadron. And with his is the name of the Wing Chaplain, William V. Morgan. For a moment he bows his head. His prayer is concluded with some words of an old hymn—words that have seemed to him particularly appropriate at the moment:

"Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure.
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure."

A card on which is a little blue P-38 is stuck in the corner of a mirror before which stands a young wife. She glances at it. In the hurry of a too-full day she has almost forgotten her promise to pray every day for those men and women in the armed forces, including those in command, for all their loved ones, for the chaplains and for a world-wide spiritual revival. The little blue P-38 reminds her. Her husband, somewhere out there, is a member of the Prayer Squadron, too. Maybe he is praying at this very moment. She pauses. He doesn't seem so far away now. She knows he is in God's

care. With that realization some of the weariness of the day slips from her.

In the corner of a frame holding a photograph of an American youth in flying togs are two of those cards on which that little P-38 appears. The names on the cards are those of that youth's father and mother. They too have joined the Prayer Squadron, and when their hungry eyes feast on that picture, they pause—often together—to offer their prayers for him, of course, but also for his comrades and, with special fervency, for a world spiritual revival.

Between the covers of their Bibles the forty-five members of a women's Bible class in a midwestern church keep cards testifying to their membership in the Prayer Squadron. Joyfully they have pledged themselves, as a group, to join with others in daily prayer.

These, and thousands like them, since Chaplain Morgan, last November, launched the Prayer Squadron, have been eager to become members.

The chaplain's original purpose was to make the personnel of the North Atlantic Wing prayer-minded. And soon he saw a mighty movement toward that end. Other chaplains supported the project. Jews, Catholics and Protestants have joined.

Transient crews at the air base became members, knowing that their destinations might be places where prayer would be the only consolation and comfort. Bomber crews soon were signing cards—only a few members withholding their names. The Wing's Commanding General, Brigadier General Lawrence G. Fritz, took an active interest. A publication called the "Prayer Squadron Monthly" soon was promoting the movement.

When the Prayer Squadron was only a few months old, a group of chaplains of the North Wing wrote Chaplain Morgan asking permission to admit to membership the civilian personnel of the various stations. These people had been asking for admittance, and many of the soldiers had expressed a desire to have their wives, mothers and fathers included in the group. Chaplain Morgan yielded gladly to that request.

Newspapers and magazines read by civilians throughout the country have told of the Squadron. And men and women have been quick to join. The membership reached 3,000, mounted to 5,000, 7,000, until at this writing there are some 9,000 pledged members, with the end not yet in sight.

Reproduced below is the application:

I, _____, believe in prayer and the great power of God and that all things are possible through Him. I Count it a privilege to be a member of the

PRAYER SQUADRON

whose members agree to pray at least once each day for world-wide spiritual revival, for those in command of our armed forces, for chaplains, for comrades in service and for loved ones.

Tear Here

I wish to unite with the members of the armed forces to form the N. A. W. PRAYER SQUADRON. I will offer prayer each day, asking God to aid us in a great spiritual revival.

NAME _____

APO _____
and _____
Address _____

ASN. _____

Check: _____Protestant _____Catholic _____Jewish

(Send to Chaplain William V. Morgan, 497 Silver St., Manchester, N. H.)

Paging the PADRE



INTERESTING BITS BY AND ABOUT CHAPLAINS

“FORGIVE THEM, FATHER . . .”

By CPL. LELAND H. MAKER

THE crowd of soldiers, assembled in the jungle clearing for Sunday morning service, shuffled restlessly on their feet. As the chaplain took his position before them he paused a moment to look into their tired eyes. Tough and weather-beaten, their faces reflected the ordeal they had been through. And for a moment he felt a little uneasy about the subject he had selected for his sermon. It was to be based on the words of Jesus, dying on the cross: “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

A tough topic, but the chaplain knew he must speak to it. So when the last notes of the hymn had died away, he plunged into his talk. “While we must hate and fight and eradicate the evil things for which our enemies stand,” he emphasized, “we must not allow ourselves to hate the Germans and Japanese themselves. Hatred will corrode our souls. Deep within us, burning in our hearts, we must keep a steadfast love for all human beings.”

In conclusion he put this question: “Have we the manliness and the courage to say as Jesus did, ‘Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do’?”

During the sermon, the chaplain noted one lad. He squirmed, seemed on the verge of speaking out in meeting, kept glancing around at his buddies as though wondering why they did not challenge the statements

being made. His face registered intense antagonism to everything that was being said.

So the chaplain was not surprised when, at the end of his talk, this boy leaped to his feet. He did not look at the chaplain, but faced his buddies, and in a loud and angry voice said: “It’s all very well for the padre to talk that stuff! His family and loved ones are probably safe at home in the States. Has he seen his loved ones machine-gunned? Has he seen his brother or his father shot down out of the skies? Has he heard of somebody he loves being mercilessly bombed while lying wounded in a hospital? Well, I have! And I hate the enemy’s guts! And so would the padre if he’d been through what I have!”

The crowd of boys were struck into silence. The chaplain looked long at the angry lad, was about to speak, then said simply: “I think I understand your feelings, son. Would you mind talking it over with me in my tent?”

The soldier looked around at his buddies with almost a triumphant expression. “Sure,” he said. Together the two walked to the edge of the clearing and entered the tent marked with the chaplain’s flag.

“Sit down, son,” the chaplain said quietly. His voice thickened a bit as he said: “I want to tell you a story. I knew a young man once, one of the finest. He was about

your age—in fact, he looked a good deal like you—tall, straight, soldierly. He was thinking of entering the ministry when the war started. Instead, he went into the air corps. During a dogfight, his plane was blasted and he bailed out. The enemy plane that had got him followed him down with a hail of machine-gun bullets. He landed in the water. The enemy plane dived close, its guns spitting lead, but the American dived under the surface and so escaped being hit. Still the enemy did not give up, but waited till he arose to the surface, then dropped a small bomb. The lad did not escape this time . . .”

The chaplain choked a bit. “That’s a true story, my boy. I saw it happen.”

“That’s just it,” exclaimed the soldier. “Now if he had been something more than a friend . . .”

The chaplain reached over to a rough table and picked up a photo. It was of a young airman. He put it into the soldier’s hand. And the soldier read at the bottom an inscription, “To Dad, with all my love.”

The soldier looked up at the chaplain. “He looks like you!” he said.

The chaplain’s eyes were pretty moist. He just nodded, “Yes, he—did,” he replied.

The soldier stared a moment, and then his eyes too were suspiciously moist. And in them was a new light. Without a word he put the picture back on the table and walked slowly out of the tent.

EASTER GREETINGS

IT was Easter Sunday in Italy. The chaplain hooked up his public address system to broadcast a service to American troops in their foxholes. Less than 400 yards away were German troops, also in foxholes and behind their pillboxes.

The chaplain began speaking, his voice sounding out amid the sound of bursting shells and whining bullets. But he spoke not alone to the Americans. He said:

“Christ died and rose again for all men,

for Germans and Americans alike. Therefore, I wish you also today, in the name of my soldiers, a happy Easter.”

The firing of machine guns and small arms ceased abruptly on both sides of the lines. A tiny organ had been brought to the top of the mountain by muleback for the services, which ended with the Lord’s Prayer, the words coming from the loudspeakers and the men in the foxholes on both sides, though in different languages, answering them. Then the clatter of machine guns and rifles was resumed.

“I WILL FEAR NO EVIL”

By CHAPLAIN AMOS L. BOREN

SEVERAL days ago a lieutenant came to my tent and said, “Chaplain, I have learned something about God. I have just come back from being shot down and I want to receive Holy Communion and thank God again for my deliverance.” Then he described his experience.

“We had just pulled out from our dive over the target when oil began to spurt over the canopy of my ship. It seemed to whip under the glass and run over the instrument panel. I had a copy of Psalm 23 pasted there for some time but it had never quite registered in its meaning. I was seeing everything at once, but I couldn’t miss seeing certain lines of the psalm. They stayed with me—‘Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.’

“I leveled off, pushed back the canopy, and bailed out. As I drifted toward the sea I took off my shoes and prepared for the water. The water was warm when I went into it. My dinghy just wouldn’t inflate, so I blew up my Mae West and looked around.

“I was alone in the Mediterranean and afraid. I began to pray. I can’t tell you the words. I began to feel a serenity. I was calm and felt that whether I lived or died I was quite ready.

"I swam and rested by turns. Soon the stars came out and from them I kept my direction. I kept swimming in, but I felt as if I were not swimming alone. Then it began to dawn on me that God was with me. I know why the psalmist said, 'I will fear no evil for Thou art with me.' I feel His presence still. That is why I want Holy Communion."—*Christian Advocate*.

MISSIONS IN REVERSE

By CHAPLAIN WALLACE STARK

THE other day, one of our fighter pilots was forced to bail out over the jungle in the hills. The missionary here was asked to send out one of his medical boys to find the pilot.

After some time was spent locating the pilot, he was given first-aid by the native. A broken leg was splinted, and the injured man was carried to a place where the Army's Medical Corps could take care of him.

The pilot was so grateful that he emptied his pockets of money and gave it to the native. The next day the native came to the missionary and said, "The Americans are helping us—and we want to do what we can, so, take this money and use it to do more mission work."

"INVARIABLY HE IS A RIGHT GUY"

SPEAKING of chaplains, Rear Admiral William Brent Young, after a tour of the fleet in the South Pacific, said:

"These valiant and often unsung officers furnish not only spiritual guidance in the usual sense, but they perform modern miracles in maintaining the highest type of morale.

"Your Navy man knows that he can turn to the chaplain for friendly help in any problem. Quiet, comforting, invariably a 'right guy,' the Navy chaplain comes through—and brings his men through.

"I have seen it work in the Pacific. I know it's working throughout our fighting Navy in all parts of the world."

WAVE HEADS NAVY CHAPLAINS PUBLIC RELATIONS

THE Navy chaplaincy is an all-male brotherhood, but the Navy officer who attends to the chaplains' public relations is Ensign Johnson—Esther Johnson of the WAVES.

The only WAVE officer in the Chaplains Division at Washington, Ensign Johnson is the division's special services officer, taking care of the chaplains' press relations, public relations, the furnishing of special information on inquiries, and the keeping of historical records.

She comes from Denver, Colo., and was assigned to the Chaplains' Division after completion of training. She has had public relations experience in Denver, where she worked at a radio station, and wrote for a livestock newspaper and magazine. She studied journalism at the University of Colorado.

FITTING THE SERMON TO THE SITUATION

COMMENTING recently on the adeptness of chaplains in finding sermon themes and texts that fit the occasion like a glove, Dr. Jacob Simpson Payton wrote in his column, "Parsons in Uniform":

What do chaplains preach about? Certainly not on controversial subjects, nor on queer texts that afford a chance for an acrobatic exhibition in homiletics, nor on themes with interests that belong to the past like Tom Thumb golf.

Chaplain Charles Storer has told how during maneuvers his "convoy moved forward on the narrow mountain road far down into the valley, until finally the broad expanse of the barren desert became our abiding place." The chaplain then gave an exposition of the words, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest a while." And there were those who said that they

partook of spiritual manna in the desert that day.

When marines, with bodies exhausted during days of close fighting and with minds stored with gruesome experiences, came aboard ship after the battle of Tarawa, Chaplain Harry R. Boer spoke to them from the words, "He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, and out of the miry clay." In those ancient words each marine saw mirrored the Providence that had led to his deliverance.

Among recent accounts of apt texts is one from Chaplain Carlton C. Allen, who says, "Our men recently discovered anew the eternal truth that God can be worshiped wherever one happens to be." And he tells how 84 men of his group, stationed in Kentucky, entered nearby Mammoth Cave carrying lanterns like Gideon's band, and also Army-Navy hymnals. It being Sunday, the soldiers halted in the "Rotunda Room" for worship. And here with rocks for pews, and with rocks for walls and dome, Chaplain Allen spoke from the question asked in the Book of Joshua, "What do these stones mean?" Of this service in Mammoth Cave one who was present reports as follows: "In that awe-inspiring place, the age-old stones around us meant a lot indeed. In a world filled with rubble of bombed cities and the wreckage of great cathedrals, these formations bore eloquent witness to the power and glory and goodness of Almighty God."

SHORT SHOTS

• **Chaplain George F. Weiss**, formerly a Congregational minister, says: "I have learned something from every group. From the Latter Day Saints I have learned a kind of clean-cut virility; from the Christian Scientists a kind of gentility of spirit; from the Jews a sensitivity for the persecuted and oppressed, and the Fundamentalist group has taught me a fervency of spirit. Religious people the world over have more in common than would be apparent by our divisions."

• In a recent issue of *The Churchman* **Chaplain James R. McAllister** wrote: "A soldier called my office and said, 'Someone wants to know my denomination. I am a Presbyterian, but I can't spell that, so I put down Baptist. Will that be O.K.?'"

Chaplain McAllister, an Episcopal clergyman, does not reveal whether he helped the soldier with the spelling or the truth!

HE BROKE UP A POKER GAME

ACCORDING to Chaplain A. J. Turner, the way to make a fellow from the South appreciate home is to dispatch him to Alaska or points north. Turner should know; he's a Florida "cracker" who, prior to the war, had scarcely experienced anything more frigid than trade winds blowing off the Gulf Stream.

Yet for all that, he's getting a great bang out of his work. And he has a way with the fellows of his engineers regiment. For example, he's a deft hand at breaking up a Sunday poker game! Drifting about the recreation hall one Sunday afternoon, he came upon a group earnestly engaged in divesting each other of their pay.



Chaplain Turner

"What say we have a service, fellows?" spoke up the Baptist padre. He looked for answer to a boy whose chips were melting fast. This GI, probably glad to get out while he still had his skin, said: "Sure, guys, let's have a service—it being Sunday and all!"

With some reluctance the others agreed. The service consisted of a lively songfest, then a brief sermon obliquely slanted at the topic of how to get the most out of life by playing "life's surest bets." But no direct word about gambling or its evils!

Service over, only one of the poker group was interested in resuming the game. And he was quickly voted down. Furthermore, as the record now stands, the boy who responded first—hitherto an inveterate manipulator of cards and chips—has not played a game since. He and his pals are regular attendants at chapel, and he himself indicates that he's taking the padre's advice—betting on something more certain than straight flushes or a string of aces.

VOTES to service-men and women

HE got his craftsmanship at letters, his philosophy and his religion the tough way. "Every now and then," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson, "Christ finds a word that transcends all commonplace morality; every now and then He quits the beaten track to pioneer the unexpected, and throws out a pregnant, magnanimous hyperbole; for it is only by some bold poetry of thought that men can be strung up above the level of everyday conceptions, to take a broader view of experience or accept some higher principle of conduct.

"To a man who is of the same mind as Christ, who stands at some center not too far removed from His, and looks at the world and conduct from some not dissimilar, or at least not opposing attitude—or shortly, to a *man of Christ's philosophy*—each such saying should come home with a thrill of joy and corroboration; he should feel each one below his feet as another sure foundation in the flux of time and chance; each should be another proof that in the torrent of the years and generations, where doctrines and great armaments and empires are swept away and swallowed, *he stands immovable, holding by the eternal stars!*"

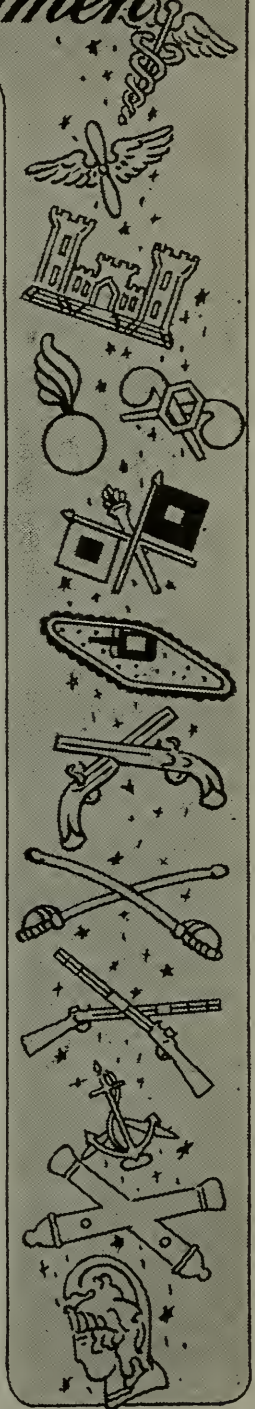
And believe me, you can say *that* again!

For regardless how uncaring and removed your personal past may have been from the Church, the most careless and carefree among you can surely find no bone to pick with the working philosophy of the Man Christ. No proof need be given the thoughtful adult that the code of ethics evolved by this Man is the code most likely to bring happiness, contentment, and a feeling of intimate success to the individual. It has been proved a million times! His concept is one of such understanding, so elastic and so workable, that no student of His life can fail to feel its triumphant power, its glad efficiency.

The beauty of a man's reaction to the known philosophy of Christ lies in that "bold poetry of thought," that "quitting of the beaten track," which encompasses the needs and individual spiritual hungers of men in every walk of life, in every possible circumstance under the sun!

Stand, then, immovable! The eternal stars shall be your compass, and beneath your feet a "sure foundation in the flux of time and chance"!

—MAYO CORNELL



TOWARD

A Decent World

When politicians become statesmen
and when we get over our childish
reluctance to give God a chance in
world affairs—then we'll arrive!

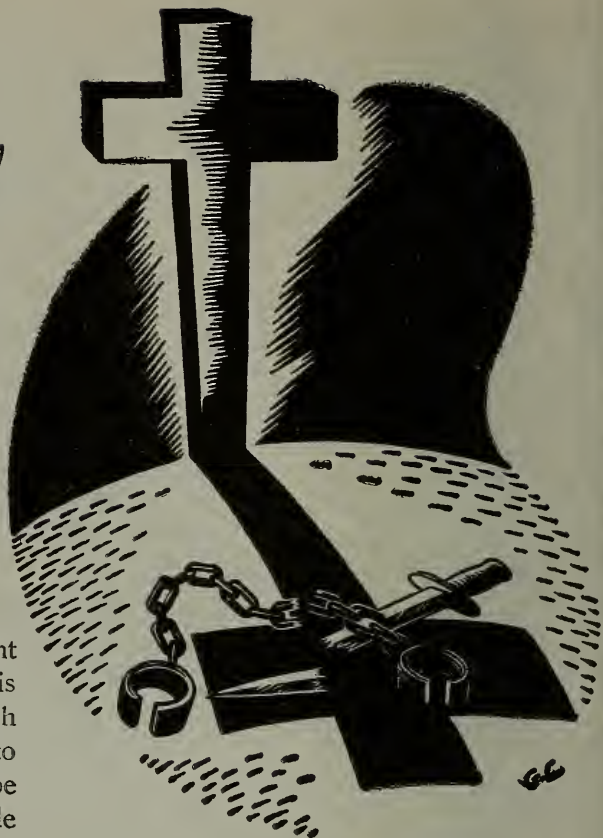
By CHAPLAIN W. E. BISHOP

IN a recent issue of *THE LINK*, Herbert Agar in his article, "The Silliest of All Slogans," makes the challenging assertion that the creation of a decent world is "a problem of will-power." This article is not aimed at taking issue with Mr. Agar. It is intended to go further into the question of how "will-power" may be mobilized to accomplish such a desirable objective.

The winning of the war will place in the hands of the victors the power to dictate the peace terms. It will also place in their hands the responsibility for the just and equitable administration of these terms. What shall be the forces that shall frame these terms—moral, economical, political, educational, religious, national, international, material, selfish, spiritual, or what have you? Elements both good and bad from each of these fields, and many more, will clamor for expression at the peace tables.

Mr. Agar points out that there is a basic instinct, deeply rooted in the hearts of all peoples, that the peacemakers will do well to remember. He calls it "the desire in all men's hearts to feel needed, wanted, depended upon."

When, in a complicated world like this you begin to plan a world around a just



and due consideration of this inner-man stuff, you have already achieved a basis for a lasting peace. When people in one part of the world let the quality of fellow-feeling have a major part in determining their dealings with those of another part, you have at work a most powerful instrument in the building of what Jesus referred to as "the Kingdom of God." You have, in effect, what we call "love in action."

The Boomerang Called Hate

All this assumes that the necessary basic principle of peaceful living is a spiritual quality called love. Love is the opposite of hate. Love is creative; hate is destructive. Love "suffereth long and is kind." Hate possesses the peculiar quality of the boomerang; it rebounds upon its possessor and diabolically strikes him down. A whole nation can become obsessed with the venom

of hatred. Love, on the other hand, can become a nation's basic motivating power.

Our primary question is: *How can love be made to become the magnificent obsession controlling the "will-power" of the peoples of nations?*

Certainly we have learned by long and costly experience that issues so close to the world's good, such as war and peace, cannot be left to the politicians to make a racket of. Who or what groups, or even combinations of groups, have sufficiently learned to live outside their own selfish shells as to prepare them for the tremendous task of co-ordinating and chrystalizing all the countless elements necessary for the making of a lasting peace?

Christian Statesmanship Needed

Too long we have left this whole business of war and peace to our politicians—hoping that they were statesmen enough to handle the job successfully. They weren't. They were too solely human, too seldom statesmen at all.

True statesmen not only see keenly the vastness of the job, but also their own inadequacy to do it in their own strength. And the more nearly a politician comes to being a statesman, the more keenly will he feel the utter indispensability of a Power beyond his own to guide us out of the wilderness of chaos, hopelessness and despair in which we have bogged down.

The Church is representative of that "beyond the human" Power. And if her leaders have made sufficient penance at her holy altars, until their motive is unified and purified, then who would be better prepared to sit at the peace councils, alongside the military leaders and the statesmen, than democratically chosen churchmen?

Is not a man obligated both to his Church and his State? Are not these two institutions, in varying degrees, responsible for the whole man? *Cannot statesmen be reli-*

gious? Cannot religionists be statesmen? We answer both these questions with a rousing affirmative. If and when this great need for close co-operation between the two catches the imaginations of men, it could and would sweep along like wildfire.

If Hitler, "having bowed God out the back door without even thanks for past services," could do what he has done with and to the youth of a whole nation, what can the millions of Christians throughout the world, when properly organized, do to and for the coming generations of the youth of the world? Youth is pleading for a chance to prove what courageous stuff they are made of. If we do not furnish them patterns for noble, Christian action, then they will carve out those patterns for themselves. They will hammer them out on the anvil of their experiences in this bloody war.

If the peace-loving masses of the world should fumble the ball now and fail to take hold of this thing with all their might and main, then the opposing forces (of which there are plenty, awaiting their chance) will not only permit but force the "rise of a new Hitler"—more powerful, more diabolical, more destructive.

Hard to Explain Without God

Henri Bergson wrote a book which, as I remember, was entitled, "Creative Evolution." In it he speaks of what he calls "*emergent elements*" that crop out here and there in the process of life's development. There are elements that "emerge," so he contends, that seem not to be accounted for by any laws theretofore known to man. They are entities unaccountably new.

Now, in the light of this hypothesis of unaccountable phenomena, or "emergent elements," permit me to ask three questions with regard to three separate and distinct occurrences during this present conflict.

The first is, How can we account for the fact that Hitler and his sponsors did not

come on across the English Channel and take over the British Isles? The glaring fact was evident that the British were whipped by all the rules of the game of war. That Hitler's "intuition" failed him, or that his "ambition" foiled him, does not furnish a completely satisfactory answer to many of us who still hold to the firm conviction that "this is my Father's world." We cannot do otherwise than feel that there is a non-rational or, if you will, a supra-rational element involved here. In short, God had a hand in that circumstance!

Then, again, what is the answer to the question as to why the Japs did not follow Pearl Harbor with a "mopping up" process and aerial attacks upon the West Coast of the United States? Again, I think that they could have done that also. Are we too proud and stiff-necked to acknowledge that there again God may have arranged an "emergent element"?

The third question is, What is the explanation of the unexpected victories in Russia? Many there were who felt that Russia would not be able to hold out against overwhelming Nazi strength. It was conceded by most military observers that in six weeks or two months, at best, the Nazis would have overrun Russia. But it wasn't done, and it isn't yet done—and why?

Is there not an ultimate cause or power back of the occurrences themselves, these surprising "emergent elements," that explain them? Is it not possible to substitute for the term "emergent elements" the fact of God?

There is a poem—entitled "Evolution," I believe—in which the last line goes like this: "Some call it evolution, but others call it God."

I submit that God (or by whatever other name other religionists know and love Him) has not abdicated the throne. He is still, patiently and sacrificially, hammering

out the ultimate destiny of this, His world. What God needs, and needs more desperately than anything else I know of just now, is more people with the "will-power" to say with utter abandon, and *mean* it, "Thy will, not mine, be done!"

And, now, if I am not entirely "off the beam," this is the answer to our question of the medium through which genuine peace may be ushered in, through which co-operation shall displace cut-throat competition, through which love shall replace hate, through which a genuine Christian democracy shall rule out political greed, power for power's sake, worship of material things and a lot of other rubbish that has accumulated in the Temple. Is it not in reality a new "cleansing of the temple" of Church and State that we need?

When men in high positions, as well as those more lowly, shall learn to abandon themselves to be used of God in His plan for building a decent world, and when they honestly pray, "Thy will, not mine, be done," there will be far more of these "emergent elements" emerging. For then God will have the tools and materials by means of which He can and will build a decent world. And only then!

Frankly, I can see no other way out. If we leave the world wide-open for the further development of dictators, or for self-seeking politicians, I have an ever-expanding, most profound nightmare of a conviction that our cause for the present is lost, even though we win militarily.

If the millions of Christians in this world will turn to God in earnest in this dark hour and, in a spirit of true penitence, ask forgiveness for their sins, as individuals and as nations, and form a chain of united prayer around the world, I am equally as profoundly convinced that we shall have the beginnings of what Jesus envisioned when He prayed "Thy Kingdom come, on earth as it is in heaven."

TO THOSE CONTEMPLATING *Marriage Overseas*



A batch of sage counsel aimed at all you GI Joes who may be dallying with notions about taking unto yourselves a wife

By
CHAPLAIN
ALBERT N.
CORPENING

THE fact that there is a commandment in the Bible forbidding a man going to war for a year after he has taken a new wife (Deuteronomy 24:5) seems to have made no great difference in the drafting of married men or in the number of marriages at home or abroad! Young people, and older ones too, still want to get married, and marry they do.

Marriage is still a serious business, however, and should be entered into advisedly.

Marriage on short acquaintance is not only a gamble; it may be suicide. Involved are the happiness of the wife, the happiness of the husband, sometimes the happiness of parents, and always the happiness of the children.

In itself, marriage is a restriction to both parties, a voluntary assumption of a changed mode of living.

It therefore takes more than love to make a successful home. Common ideals, similar social standards, and the willingness to co-operate and sacrifice are always involved. A mutual religious faith may not seem important at first, but assumes great significance after the children come and their religious education is considered. Persons with strong divergent political opinions might have difficulty remembering they are in love with each other around

about the time of national elections.

The man who considers marriage while he is overseas has to face all these problems that he would face if he were back home, plus some that are peculiar to his overseas assignment.

Other considerations that are common to both are mentioned briefly. The question of selection should probably come first. Physical attraction is taken for granted. Disposition is not. If the girl tends to be quarrelsome, flighty, vulgar, lazy, wasteful, immoral or irreligious before marriage, there is no reason to believe that she would be of even temper, steady, clean of speech, industrious, thrifty, true to marriage vows or reverent to God after marriage.

Marriage to the wrong person may make the home a battleground, a place that is unattractive, and a place to be avoided. Marriage to the proper person makes home desirable, a haven of happiness and contentment, a place where the family becomes a team, co-operating and working toward common goals.

A successful marriage must be based on mutual respect and love. These cannot always be taken for granted. What one may consider love may be only a physical attraction, or it may be based on a supposed quality which is not present. For instance, a

man would lose all respect for his wife if he discovered that she was lazy and a slovenly housekeeper—or that she was naturally untidy and careless about the cleanliness of her clothes or person.

Ideals and moral standards should be considered. Some would say that, in all fairness to his wife, a man who is going to “chase” other women should marry a woman with “loose” morals; and if he drinks, he should select a potential drunkard for his wife, so that she would not be too unhappy about his escapades. On the other hand, if a man “on his honor” takes a girl for his wife, he will never be happy or secure in his home unless she too takes him “on her honor.”

The best test for proper selection is this: *Are her character, disposition and religion of such a nature that you would want her for the mother of your children and to have her in charge of their growth, development and character?* A man should know the girl long enough and well enough to be able to answer this in the affirmative.

Laws Governing GI Marriage

Let us now turn our attention to some of the questions that are peculiar to marriage overseas. In World War I, marriage overseas was a problem only in France and, after the occupation, in Germany. It involved only the laws of two countries. Today it is almost world-wide. According to Lt. Col. Albert B. Kellogg's study, “Marriages of Soldiers,” prepared in the Historical Section, Army War College, the marriage of the American soldier to French or other women in France came under French law and was subject entirely to French regulations. The French Government finally simplified the procedure by which a soldier might qualify for marriage by requiring an affidavit of the soldier as to his matrimonial capacity, together with a certificate from his commanding officer that

he believed the affidavit true, and, in the case of a former marriage terminated by divorce, the production of an authenticated copy of the decree. This helped to prevent bigamous marriages and imposition upon French girls by soldiers not competent to marry (Bull. No. 26, GHQ, AEF, French, March 29, 1919).

This calls attention to the fact that any marriage overseas today must meet the legal requirements of the locality where it takes place. Otherwise it is not valid.

Official Approval Demanded

A second requirement (found in War Department Circular No. 305, Sept. 8, 1942) states that military personnel on duty in the Panama Canal Zone or in any foreign country or possession must secure the approval of the commanding officer of the United States Army forces stationed there in order to marry.

Marriage overseas also involves the transportation of the wife back to the United States and the tedious procedure for securing naturalization and citizenship papers for her. Shortly before his death, Raymond Clapper mentioned the strong feeling among troops in Australia for an amendment to the Cable Act so that American soldiers who married there could bring their wives back as citizens.

We come now to the specific question of marriage overseas. An important thing to consider is your *motive* for marriage. While you are overseas, away from normal home surroundings, you may not be psychologically fitted to choose a wife. You are least fitted for such a choice if you have just returned from battle. Any attractive woman may seem wonderful to you.

Are you interested in her because you really love her and have known her long enough to be reasonably sure that she is the type of woman you want for your wife and the mother of your children? Or is it

merely that you are homesick and lonely and she calls you a hero and promises you love and companionship and release? It may not be easy for you to decide just what your motives are, but the decision is important.

It is just as important for you to know *her* motives. Does she want to marry you because you are one of the best-paid soldiers in the world and she thinks that you are rich? Is it because she wants your government allotment and possibly your insurance? Is it because all men are physically attractive to her and you have her temporary regard? Is it because marriage offers her an opportunity to go to the paradise called America? Or is it because she really loves you, believes you are the type of man she wants for a husband and the father of her children, and is willing to plan and work and sacrifice with you in the building of a home?

An analysis of your motives, plus what you consider to be her motives, will help you decide as to whether you should ask her to marry you. It is possible that your own motives are not well founded. She may be just a gold-digger using her subtle arts to secure an income or to get to America.

Try This Test Question

To help you decide what to do, it is suggested that you ask yourself this question: "*If I were back in America now, would I still want to marry her?*" It is recognized that there are many very fine girls among other peoples, but they would not all fit into American life or into your home community.

Should you marry overseas, you will ultimately bring your wife to the United States where she will meet your mother and friends. You will constantly have to compare her with American girls and women. Would you still select her from

among them and marry her if you were at home? If not, this is a definite stop sign.

Suppose we now consider the possibilities of a happy marriage if you wait until you get back. There are thousands of girls in the United States growing into young womanhood. Many of them were too young for you to notice when you left, but time is making a lot of difference. Even then they were old enough to idolize you. They are now looking forward to the day when the troops return in order that they may have friendships and, in the course of time, homes.

"The Girl You Left Behind"

Then there is the girl you left behind. There are stories of fickleness—like that of the soldier who risked his life to rescue his girl's picture from a burning tank only to learn shortly afterward that the girl had married another man. This is an exception, and is therefore in the news. For every instance of this kind there are thousands upon thousands of girls who remain anonymous in their loyalty.

It is with a lot of pride that each of these fine girls refers to her "boy friend" in England, Europe, Africa, India or the Southwest Pacific. She is longing for the day of your return, and is both ready and willing to share your scars of war.

The other day I asked a girl whose boy friend is a casualty in a hospital, "Everything considered, are you glad you waited to be married?" Without a moment's hesitation she answered, "Chaplain, I would marry him even if he had both arms and both legs shot off. He is a prince of a man!"

In conclusion, let me hope that if you marry while overseas you will select wisely, being sure in your own mind that you would still choose her if you were back home. But if, on the other hand, you wait until your return, you will probably have no reason to regret it.

Know Your America



By CHAPLAIN RAYMOND E. MUSSER

IT has come your turn to go home "on rotation." The convoy will slip out of the harbor tomorrow and in three weeks you'll stumble down a gang-plank into one of the coastal states.

It has been a long time since you were in America. You landed in Ireland, took training in Scotland, rode the breakers into Casablanca, burrowed through the Atlas and fought a seesaw battle with Jerry in Tunisia, swallowed Sicily in one gulp, stormed Salerno, shattered Cassino, stabbed the Kraut defense at Anzio, cracked through Hitler's defenses above Rome, and now you are earmarked for home. You deserve it.

But you will find life in America and Americans different from what you are now used to. You need to be prepared.

Their eating habits will startle you. They use dishes, neatly placing meat and vegetables about a large plate, and do not jumble the meal together in one bowl, or drop the macaroni into the applesauce and the dessert peaches into the stewed tomatoes. Their eggs are not powdered but are eaten with the yellow eye looking up at you, and they use a thin, saltless bacon to garnish the egg. They prefer oysters to snails, although no one knows why.

You do not bolt your chow and rush to the wash-line, but leave all dishes on the table. At first you will think the water is not chlorinated, but it is sorta subtly done and you won't taste, smell or see it. They drink milk freshly drawn from cows, not goats, and you'll love it ice cold. There are

several varied-shaped forks and spoons for use in eating different dishes—that is, what's in the dishes. If you are uncertain as to which to use, watch a

civilian and just follow suit.

Never rush out into the yard and sit with your back to a tree: they eat right there at the food table, sitting in the chairs that surround it. You will be invited—believe it or not—to have a second helping of everything!

They are billeted differently, too. They use brick or frame houses, not tents. Walls divide barracks into rooms, with ceilings high enough to stand up straight. They do not sleep on straw-stuffed mattress covers, but have soft, springed, real mattresses as permanent equipment on a double cot.

An alarm clock awakens the worker in a family; the rest stay in bed, and the bugle is never used. The rumble of trolley cars and milk trucks is annoying, but not so



You'll be invited, believe it or not, to have a second helping of everything!



An alarm clock awakens the worker in a family; the rest stay in bed and the bugle is never used.

much as the morning barrage the Krauts sent over—remember the Anzio Express? You will not be gigged if you select to sleep in some morning. The white blankets are called sheets; you sleep between them.

The latrines are indoors, by the way. It *does* sound unsanitary, but the ingenious Yankees with their gadgets have apparatuses that really work. The big white tub is for bathing purposes: the American for some reason thinks he must soak a while from the waist down before he bathes. The lock on the door is to keep the ladies out, because, incredible though it may sound, men and women live in the same shelters in the States. Furthermore, there is no officer-enlisted men division in *cabinets de toilette*.

Do not look for a finger dip, but use the built-in helmet; however, do not try to yank the white bowl from the wall and tip it out the window—there is a hole in the bottom for drainage. Towels are furnished, also washrags and soap. Most Americans sing while performing in this little side-room. Incidentally, it is called a bathroom, not a latrine, even though in many homes bath water is heated only on Saturdays.

The women are unlike English, French, Italian or Arab women. They curl their hair artificially, paint face, lips, finger and toe nails with gay totem-pole colors, walk

rapidly on stilt-heels, have broad middles from much sitting and good living, never cover the body in a white robe and head-gear and look at you out from under it all with one eye like a lady Cyclops.

You'll find the women ranking officers, field grade, in home, office, store and industry. They smoke cigarets and sip Coca-Colas incessantly, but they speak English, and you'll like 'em. Watch the left hand, third finger. If she has a band ring on it, she's married; if not, she's single and will give you a date. Start the liaison by saying, "Hi, Babe!" Leave the married ones alone: husbands are dangerous when jealous. You have had enough fighting for a while.

America's manner of transportation will surprise you. Most families have their own staff cars, and prefer colors to the conventional OD. Trolley cars are closed-in jobs. You cannot hang on the back, and the conductor is punctilious about your paying the fare. Neither do people ride up with the baggage on top of interurban busses. Taxis are not horse-drawn, the horses having been used up for simulated steaks, and the American, unlike the European, is still able to get gasoline for his vehicle.

Occasionally you will see a bantam car about the size of your jeep, but it will intrigue you to watch the average person ride by alone in a car slightly smaller than our prime movers. The American motorist



You must try hard to understand religion in the States; denominationalism is stressed.

is also allergic to the convoy system. A tail light in front of him is equivalent to a red flag before a bull. When a traffic light turns green, cars dive for the convoy lead like Arab children scramble for a cigaret. Watch for your life! Motor cars kill more Americans than do the wars.

You must try hard to understand religion in the States. Denominationalism is stressed, each Church branch having its own separate chapel and competing in attendance. The choir is at the front of a spacious sanctuary half full of women and older people. The preacher often stands in the middle, not to the side. Those organ pipes that dominate the front wall are not organ pipes, but fakes: however, don't men-

tion this in front of the natives—they think the music comes out of 'em.

You will see what is known as a Sunday school, a class by class, age-group by age-group assemblage just before chapel services for the purpose of Bible study. Twice as many attend these classes as go to worship, leaving immediately before church to read the Sunday paper on the front porch at home or to sip soda at the corner drugstore, which, unlike PX's, does not close during church. Don't follow 'em, Joe: go to church, for that's the main course of the spiritual meal!

It is fondly hoped that you will acclimate yourself to the situation there—and, if you like it, be able to stay *indefinitely*.

—❧ LAUGHING IT OFF ❧—

»Sgt. Jones: "My baby is the living image of me."

Cpl. Smith: "What do you care so long as he's healthy?"

»"That will be four bits, sir," the barber said.

"A half dollar?" echoed the sailor. "That's a lot for a shave, isn't it?"

"Well," said the barber, "look at the extra labor nowadays."

"What extra labor?"

"Why, sir, what with the war and all that and income taxes going up, people's faces are longer today."

» An army mobile kitchen unit passed out free doughnuts along the route of a practice march. Local housewives were enthusiastic and pressed the reluctant captain in charge for the recipe for "those lovely fluffy doughnuts."

Blushing and stammering the captain backed away, but was finally persuaded to hand it over: "300 pounds sugar, 980 eggs, 15 gallons cooking oil, necessary seasoning."

»Private: "See that sailor over there annoying that girl?"

M. P.: "Why, he's not even looking at her."

Private: "That's what's annoying her."

»"What kind of sailors are they?" asked St. Peter.

"Americans," replied the gatekeeper.

"Oh, let 'em in," said St. Peter. "They'll want a transfer in six months, anyway."

» Two Gurkha soldiers, who had volunteered for service with India's sky troops, asked an N.C.O.: "From what height are we supposed to jump?"

"Five hundred feet," was the reply.

"Nothing doing," they said, "it's too high. Can't we try from 300 feet?"

The N.C.O. explained that from such a low height there was a danger of the parachutes not opening in time, and the Gurkhas broke into smiles.

"Oh, that's different," they said. "We get parachutes, do we?"

The Flyer

WHO FOUND HIS SOUL

Stub Pearson, college hero turned flyer, didn't live to realize his dreams—but he reached the stars!

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER



BILL CUNNINGHAM, the sports writer, was telling me the other day about "Stub" Pearson. Not long ago Bill had had a letter from the famous Dartmouth athlete, one of the last Pearson had written before his plane crashed in the South Seas.

He had written it while sitting near the beach of a jungle isle, watching a dogfight between his pals and the enemy—and itching to get back into the fray after having been temporarily grounded due to a slight injury. And in that letter was a sentence that struck me, as it had struck Cunningham, as one of the finest expressions of what this war is doing to you fellows. That sentence was: ". . . and by gosh, Bill, I'll find my soul through this mess!"

Stub Pearson came to Dartmouth as a green farmer's son from Minnesota. In a short time he became the outstanding man on Dartmouth campus—a football star, an orator, an earnest student, a Phi Beta Kappa man. Then Bill added: "That lad was like Christ in spirit. In spite of his strength and personal magnetism, his powers of leadership, Stub had almost a child-like humility. He stated frankly that, after the war, he intended to consecrate his life

to the cause of the beaten, the broken and the underprivileged. His was to be the cause of what he termed 'the little man.'"

In one of Stub Pearson's previous letters to Cunningham he said: "Asked to state in a paragraph what I'm fighting for, it's this: 'But in the last days it shall come to pass, that . . . He shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more' (Micah 4:1-3)."

"This is the ideal to which my life is consecrated in war or peace. This is worth fighting for. Man is man wherever he may be on the planet and whatever his creed, color or condition. In him is inherently goodness, dignity and service. He must be freed from bondage—bondage of body, bondage of soul, bondage of ignorance. He must be helped, protected, fed and permitted to grow."

Just before Pearson sailed from the Pacific Coast he spent a few days in a beautiful home, and in his last letter to Cunningham he talks about that experience:

"It was a picture; a picture we Americans love. I was a little ashamed for loving it so much and for dreaming of my own small home, my own girl—and perhaps, some day, my own children. Then I was almost militantly proud, because I seemed suddenly to see that dreams and love and beauty are nothing to be ashamed of."

"For Those at the Bottom"

From his thoughts of home, Stub turned to life's serious purposes: "I am interested in people. I want to spend my life helping those at the bottom of the pile. That is still my dream out here—to make a better world by making life more bearable for the mass of our fellowmen who live under foot.

"My own material ambitions are modest. It is not my desire to make a lot of money. Of course, there's *the* girl. She's good and beautiful and intelligent. I'll need a home and some nice things for her.

"If I don't come back, all our dreams of a wonderful life together will remain only dreams. But not even death will be able to snatch them away. Death? There's no ignoring the fact that he rides with us out here. I fear battle as much as the next man. Maybe more. But there are things worth dying for, if that is the price it takes to get them. That's the theme of every engineering that screams through the skies. Death I don't want, but if death it's to be, *I'll find my own soul!*"

Aye, aye, sir! There's the burning, white-hot focus of the meaning of this piece and the great hope for our boys in combat. That is stark naked reality—and Stub Pearson found it. All of us are confused these days, confused and wondering what is coming out of it all. Somewhat blindly we are looking for a break in the dark clouds where the light may shine through. We do not want to glamorize war nor what is happening to the bodies and souls of the boys; but in that letter I saw a light break

through the black clouds, and it makes things a little clearer for me. It is in that phrase from that boy's letter: "*I'll find my own soul!*"

Recently the writer spoke in Johnstown, Pa., and stayed at the home of an old college chum, Joe Kunkle. Joe was not exactly a religious man in college days. In fact, he was a bit harum-scarum. Now he is the finest Methodist layman I know. As we sat in his den alone one evening, he told me about his son, Bill, who is a gunner officer on a transport.

Recently Bill's mother received a letter from him in which he said casually that something unusual had happened aboard their ship. And he said, "Mother, when I get home don't let me forget to tell you about what happened in the Mediterranean on February 2nd."

Two months later Bill stepped into that home around midnight. His wife and all the members of his family had assembled to greet him. After the first salutations were over, Bill turned to his father: "Dad, before we sit down and begin to talk, I wish that we might read a little from the Bible and have a prayer together. I'll tell you why later."

Then that boy, who never before had shown any inclination toward religion, read from the last chapter of II Thessalonians, the 2nd verse: *And that we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men. But the Lord is faithful, who shall establish you and keep you from evil.*

When It Looked Like "Curtains"

"Now let's have a little prayer together, Dad," said Bill, and the whole family knelt. Afterward Bill told them what had happened on February 2nd. Thirty German planes came over their ship and strafed them time after time. Bill brought down the first plane, but for half an hour they kept coming in waves. It looked like cur-

Your Other Seabag

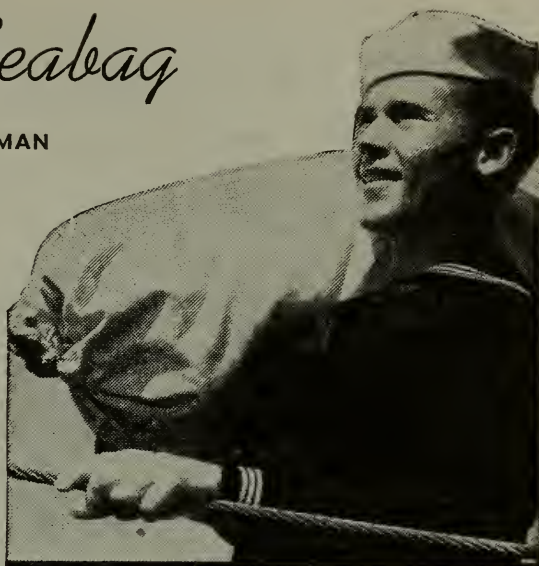
By CHAPLAIN C. E. SHULMAN

THE seabag which each man in the Navy carries with him contains all his physical needs. Shoes and underwear, blue uniforms and white uniforms, toilet articles and bedding are all there. Nothing that is necessary to make life comfortable is overlooked. This bag is a familiar sight in all ports and railroad stations of the world.

But there is another seabag which ought to accompany the sailor on his journeys of duty. It is in the heart of every human being. When it is full of the necessary contents, the sailor is a responsible member of a ship's company and a most welcome addition to any crew. Here are a few items that you ought to carry in your other seabag:

1. *A vision of the kind of world you are fighting for* and the kind of world you want to live in. You belong to a nation of one hundred thirty million people, each of whom is a child of God entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Your mates come from different religious groups, different homes, different racial stocks. Yet they are in the service to protect you and your share of America. Don't forget that. Respect your shipmates and respect the country whose flag protects us all.

2. *A sense of humor.* Don't take yourself too seriously, and don't have a false sense of your superiority. Remember the story of the officer who told his men in North



Africa that the natives are very sensitive about the size of their continent. "And," he continued, "if they tell you fellows from Texas that the continent of Africa is bigger than the state of Texas, don't argue with them. Take it in good spirit."

3. *Consideration for your neighbor.* In the Navy we call it "playing ball." Don't be careless. Practice the Golden Rule. Remember that a ship is a whole world made up of different officers and men. Each depends on the other. If you foul up your assignment you hurt not only yourself but every man on board.

4. *A prayer for your loved ones and for your better self.* It will help you in times of difficulty and it will help you understand why our men of the Navy have done such a remarkable job of it in the Pacific.

tains for all of them, then and there.

"Then I prayed, Dad, and I mean *prayed*. I promised God that if I got out of that mess alive I'd do just what we've done here in this room; I'd go home and pray with my family and read that verse. Now I feel better. I found something in my soul that

day that I didn't know was there."

Joe wept when he told me that story. We both agreed that whatever might happen to Bill in this war, the great and vital thing which came out of that strafing was that Bill, like Stub Pearson and like thousands of others of you fellows, had found his soul.

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I N P O E T I C M O O D

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What Is My Task?

By CPL. ALVINA FRIEDERICH

*Lord, what wilt Thou that I should do?
What is my task?
This question, leaping from my heart, I
kneel to ask.
What place of duty can I fill? Where can
I go
To lighten, in Thy holy name, another's
woe?*

*So many hearts are torn today, so many
weep;
So many souls are passing now through
waters deep;
So many bear their loads alone, without
Thy grace;
So many have not found in Thee a resting-
place.*

*'Mid screams of shells and roars of guns,
men bleed and die;
Gaunt hunger stalks through many lands
where children cry;
Whole nations groan beneath the lash of
conqueror's sway—
Were ever miseries so ripe as in this day?*

*In such a world with need so vast, what
can I do?
Fill Thou my heart with love like Thine,
with pity too.
Here are my hands, my feet, my all; lead
Thou the way
Where I may do Thy works again, while
it is day.*

Divine Love

By SGT. F. W. LAWSON

*Thank Thee, Lord, for love so great,
For paths of peace that Thou doth make,
For radiant light that shone one day
Along my own Damascus Way.*

*Thank Thee, Lord, for love divine
That cleansed this sinful heart of mine,
A cloak, a covering for my sin,
That I might freely enter in.*

*Thank Thee, Lord, for love supreme,
I know no nobler, grander theme
Than this; that Thou hast died for me
That I might saved and ransomed be!*

A Plan

By SGT. F. W. LAWSON

*Dear Lord, in every towering tree
I see the love Thou hast for me;
I see how wisely Thou hast planned
For Thy creation, mortal man.*

*As I behold these towering trees,
I see the plan Thou hast for me;
I see the heights I too may know
If I but look to Thee—and grow.*

Communion Vespers

By "SGT. G. M. T."

*Bowed now before Thy mercy-seat,
Thy faithful servants, Saviour, meet,
To eat and drink that living food
Symbolic of Thy flesh and blood,
So freely shed on Calvary's hill
(Lo, Thou art with us, Master, still!)
There is no war, no battle's din,
The soul knows only peace within!
Thou mighty Sovereign of the Sea,
Whose voice did calm wild Galilee,
In reverence now our minds recall
Thy bless'd command: "Take, eat . . . Drink
all."*

*O Captain, guide us through the shoals
To promised everlasting light!
And calmly lead us through the night,
O Jesus, Bishop of our souls!*

I Know a Garden Fair

By PVT. GENE WIERBACH

*I know a garden fair
Beside a chapel wall
Whose beauty marks the place
From early Spring till Fall.*

*Tall hollyhocks, blue delfs and glads
Knew not the gentle touch
Of fluttering maids in calico
Or matrons staid with a hoe.*

*But muscled lads in green fatigues
And a chaplain's growing flair
Aided Dame Nature with their best
To make this garden fair.*

Pioneers

By CAPT. ALBERT B. KETTELL

*Westward surged the pioncers
Many years ago.
Spite of doubts and spite of fears,
Westward! Westward ho!
Some on foot and some on horse;
And "for better or for worse,"
Went their wives also.*

*Brave and bold those pioneers,
Years and years ago,
Faced the hardships and the tears
They would surely know.
Savages to haunt their track;
Sickness, cold, in sodded shack;
Death, swift or slow.*

*Now again the pioneers
Westward, eastward, go;
From a world to rid its fears
Of a cruel foe.
May they prove as stalwart men
And their women brave as them
Of the long ago.*

Give Me a Golden Pen

By VINCENT JAMES HUMBERSTONE,
Royal Air Force, Nassau, Bahamas

*O give me, Lord, a golden pen,
That words more valued may be wrought
To live for aye in minds of men,
Thy praise to issue from my thought.*

*Neither painter nor poet, nor am I muse,
Nor hold I spotless piety.
Yet I must echo the old news—
Nature and I were born of Thee.*

*When to the blushing, virgin sky
I lend my eyes, earth slips away
Beyond the world: my soul must fly
The bounds of territorial day.*

*Above the arc of timely dust,
Imprisoned beauty, by Thy grace:
There shaken free from human lust
I loiter with Thee, face to face.*

*Men call me fool, that layman I
Should question Thy development
In different light from they, so cry
Aloud their lies with false intent.*

*So if, Lord, for different reason
Filled Thou my lungs with unique
breath:
Give me strength 'gainst man and season,
Alone I'll fight for Thee till death.*

Sentry's Prayer

By CPL. HUGH R. WALLACE

*Last night the moon shone so brightly
It bathed all the camp with its light,
The air was so cold and so frosty,
As I walked on guard through the night.*

*I thought, as I walked in the moonlight,
Of the thousands of boys over there,
Over there in the mountains and jungles,
And I offered up to God this prayer:*

*"Dear God, guard those boys in their bat-
tles,
As they fight for the cause that is right,
Guide them, protect them, and bring them
Through the perils that lurk in the night.*

*"And God, bring them safe to the morn-
ing—
The morning when peace reigns for e'er
And war has for all time been banished—
This, dear God, is our hope and our
prayer."*

**WHAT SERVICE
MEN SAY THEY
EXPECT IN A**

VETERANS' ORGANIZATION



BY WAY OF EXPLANATION: Back in the early part of this year it became apparent to our editorial ear-to-the-ground that one of the problems rumbling through the think-boxes of many service men and women was this: "One of these days, if and when I come through this fracas, I'll be invited to join a veterans' organization. The question is: *what do I want in such an organization?*"

It goes without saying that when war is done many of you will ally yourselves with some group which will provide not only an extension of the comradeship you have known in the service but a means for funneling your will and wishes to those in power. Though you may not be in a joining mood right now, the circumstances of the postwar world will likely drive you into the camp of a "vet's" group of one kind or another. And the organization that corrals you will undoubtedly become, by the virility of your convictions as well as the sheer weight of your numbers, one of the most powerful factors in America's political, economic and social life.

Stimulated by your many expressions to us on the subject, we felt that **THE LINK** could perform a signal service by throwing open its columns to a discussion of the kind of veterans' organization you want and would join. So in our March number we issued an invitation to speak your minds on the subject. You promptly flooded us with letters, some of which we have already published and some of which we give you herewith. These letters divided you into three rather well-defined groups.

First, there were those—approximately ten per cent—who declared they would not join any group, existing or yet-to-be-formed. They are against the whole idea of service people separating themselves from the rest of the citizenry and "ganging up" to push and promote their own ends.

Second, there were those—roughly fifteen per cent—who asserted that either of the existing veterans' groups (i.e., the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars) was good enough for them.

Third, there were those—comprising the remaining seventy-five per cent—

who vigorously insisted that neither of the existing World War I veterans' groups is adequate for veterans of World War II, and declared themselves heartily in favor of the formation of a new and all-inclusive organization solely for men and women vets of the present war.

About thirty per cent of the third group objected to the two established organizations on grounds variously charging the Legion and the VFW with being "too playboyish, too self-seeking, race-baiters, rabble-rousers, political lobbyists, out-dated pressure groups" and so on. But the large majority felt simply that the thinking and the objectives of the men of 1918 and the men and women of 1944 are too far apart.

Let us emphasize here that THE LINK and the Service Men's Christian League has no cozy personal stake in the matter whatever. We carry no banner for, we wield no cudgels against, either the Legion or the VFW. Both have been and are great organizations, with some of the vices as well as many of virtues of all big groups. Furthermore, let us make it plain that the SMCL has no ambition (though many of our readers have urged us sedulously to cultivate it) to become the nucleus for any broad-gauge postwar organization.

We aim only at this point to be of service in clarifying the thinking and presenting the opinions of our million-plus readers. But we do unhesitatingly submit to any and all present or would-be promoters that this mighty body of Christian men and women, representing all churches and classes within Protestantism, comprise a formidable bloc of realistic idealists at which it would be as suicidal to scoff as it is wise to heed.

Obviously we are unable to print even a small proportion of the letters received. But out of the welter we have chosen a few that, in addition to those published in previous issues of this magazine, will give you a sampling of what Christian men and women have to say on the subject. With this printing, we are forced by the pressure of other vital matters yet to be brought to your attention in forthcoming issues, to bring the discussion, so far as these columns are concerned, to a close.

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SUGGESTED PRINCIPLES

By SGT. CHAS. W. PHILLIPS

THE need for one or more organizations for the veterans of *this* war is obvious. The older organizations, controlled by an older generation, are not apt to be aware of the hopes, the desires and the fears of the present generation of fighting men. The established political blocs within the existing veterans' groups are none too likely to yield to new blocs. The traditions of the older societies are not those of the men of this war.

However, when we approach the task of setting forth in detail the principles which

should govern the sort of organization which we would find suitable, we are faced with a problem common to all such ventures: the failure of the real to measure up to the ideal.

As an indication of the general principles which I should wish to see accepted by this veterans' organization, I am here setting forth a "Preamble to the Constitution":

"We, the members of the —, believe in man: we believe that he is more than animal; that it is in the pursuit of truly human ends that his significance lies. Therefore, we believe that self-aggrandisement, self-advertisement, greed, desire for applause, and pride make for futility, strife,

hatred of person for person, class for class, war and all its attendant evils. We here dedicate ourselves, in sincerity and truth, to the task of upholding, defending and furthering those ends and purposes, those programs and policies, which will assist man in his struggle to become all that he should be."

This group should, of course, stand for certain definite aims; it should fight for certain definite, practical programs. Among these, I think, are:

1. Jobs for ex-service men.
2. Pensions.
3. The appointment of a committee to study the causes and cure for war.
4. Upon the finding of the committee (No. 3 above) of a possible cure for war, the pushing and plugging of legislation, the aim of which is peace.
5. Unemployment and old-age security legislation.
6. The development of an international viewpoint by means of education, radio, press, and other means of public communication.
7. Assistance to all groups who are struggling against intolerance, bigotry, race or class hatred, or oppression in any form.
8. A forthright stand against political corruption, moral disintegration, religious indifference, and national desertion of those principles upon which this country was founded.
9. Advocacy of all the freedoms guaranteed by our Constitution.
10. Promotion of the spread of education, culture, sound ethics, sane philosophy. (This would entail the financial support of educational institutions for the children of ex-service men.)
11. Education for any ex-service man who wants it.
12. Formal recognition of the primacy of God in human affairs.

How to go about setting this group up is another matter. In the first place, one would have to find a group of like-minded people. Then a *simple* Constitution should be established. The group should be as completely democratic as possible; if necessary, former officers might be prevented for a time from holding office in the organization, in order to obviate the creation of a caste-system. In its organization the group ought to be as simple as possible: too much organization rings the death-knell to the furtherance of ideals. Let's have *action* rather than *committees*. This group will need a

leader, in fact, many leaders: for, as Pittenger points out in his *Christ and Christian Faith*, mankind today is not seeking a definitive philosophy of life, mankind is seeking a Leader. Not for something which will serve as an anchor, but something—or rather, Someone—to whom they can anchor, and whom they can serve. Human leaders, serving this Leader, can guide these ex-service men toward the achievement of their truly human ends. So, there must be a place for the democratic process and for leaders within that process.

All this is difficult but not impossible of achievement. Until such an organization is founded, I shall have to remain outside the fold of any veterans' group. Either that, or join some group which promises merely to fight for pensions and jobs. Of one thing I am positive: I have no intentions of joining any veterans' group which has as its main activity the staging of mass-orgies and collective binges.

"CAN LEARN FROM LEGION"

By SGT. ALEX D. BROLL

IT is my belief that the interests of veterans of World War II would be best served by a completely new organization of present war veterans. I am not implying that the American Legion or the Veterans of Foreign Wars are unworthy of our membership. On the contrary, the organizations of our fathers, as a whole, are splendid democratic organizations. From them our new veterans' union has much to learn, and we would do well to emulate their principles and profit from their mistakes.

Why should we then have a separate union? The answer is that, while we have much in common and would support the same basic principles, there is also a wide difference, not only in age, but also in problems and interests of each group.

As to the principles which we should espouse, aside from our purely "veteran problems," none would be better than the principles for which we are fighting—the Four Freedoms—applied to our own America. That we have enemies of the Four

Freedoms in our own backyard, no one can deny. We who are fighting in the four corners of the earth for the avowed purpose of liberating vast masses of humanity from economic and social misery certainly are not going to become complacent about our problems at home. Yes, we have a splendid opportunity—or rather an obligation to our fallen comrades—to wage war against racial and religious intolerance, want in midst of plenty, economic domination of money by the few, to say nothing of those who are out to destroy the American way of life.

Our new union should be organized on truly democratic lines. It should be a non-partisan organization. Although we will support individuals who champion our views, we should avoid the prevalent policy of allying ourselves with political parties which has brought about the downfall of many high-minded organizations.

Our future success and influence will be dependent on the way we begin and the policies we inaugurate.

SHOULD TAKE ANTI-WAR STAND

By PVT. GEORGE W. BLAIR

THE most important thing, I believe, that a veterans' organization should do is to stand on a definite platform against all war. It should speak, as the voice of America's ten million veterans, in all matters that concern armament and world relations. It should see that no agreements or treaties are made that would be conducive to war.

Second, it should have a very definite program of education and propaganda against war. It should see to it that our children are taught the causes of war, the horrors of war, and how war can be avoided.

Third, it should see that all service men and dependent members of service men's families will be taken care of for the rest of their lives or until the service man is able to take care of them himself.

Fourth, it should be a national organization and should be a member of an international veterans' organization, and should be open and accessible to all veterans.

In short, I believe that we, the men that

have fought to make the world safe for democracy, should band together to see that our children and the future generations of children can keep the world safe for democracy without fighting for it.

LEGION SHOULD CLEAN HOUSE

By CHAPLAIN CLIFFORD F. FRITH

WE know the present American Legion has done many worth-while things, and continues to function in an exemplary fashion in those chapters where fine leaders are in control. From this angle, one could wish no other organization started to parallel or duplicate it, and would advocate complete support of the old organization.

But there is the bad side of the picture which leaves serious-minded service men of the present war in a dilemma. The following facts of this ugly side of the picture represent the consensus of opinion of a large number of men—both officer and enlisted—with whom I have discussed the matter, leading up to the publication of this article in your columns.

Our men today are saying: "If the present American Legion will clean out a lot of undesirable leaders, build its membership with men of higher character, guard carefully against low standards of ethics in all its policies, elevate its aims to that of serving the whole nation and not merely its own selfish interests, and especially raise the level of personal conduct of many of its members at conventions from that of fifteen-year-old playboys to that of serious-minded men desirous of doing a job, then we of the present war will be interested; otherwise not."

The criticism above does not obtain in all units of the Legion. Many chapters have kept a good record and have done a fine job, but anyone with eyes has seen enough to kill forever any desire to be a Legionnaire.

As we see it, this mightiest struggle of all ages is not going to settle all problems. In fact, the problem of keeping the peace we are fighting for makes one tremble when he thinks of its complex nature and its gigantic proportions. If we keep what we

are fighting for, a lot of it will depend on these United States which are doing so fine a part to win a peace. Now the effect and efficiency of America in sharing her resources and responsibility in keeping peace in the world will be a direct proportion to the effect and efficiency with which we deal with our own national problems.

Right here, to my mind, is where the American Legion should look for its golden opportunity—the task of helping our own nation clean up its own kitchen politically, socially and morally. We feel we are fighting for a cause that you men of the first World War won, but was lost because we did not follow up in keeping the peace. We would like to join you in following up this time to avert all causes for a third World War.

What a service the Legionnaires can assist in rendering directly to our nation and indirectly to the world, IF only this organization will set its house in order NOW, install a tested and proved leadership, acquaint itself with all the problems of our nation as well as the needs and desires of our men within its organization, and be ready after this war to render a practical, unselfish service to our country. I, for one, am 100 per cent for the American Legion and am coming out of this struggle with these facts in mind.

Yes, we are interested in you, American Legion, but YOU are the one that will determine the direction of our interest, whether for you or against you, and also the depth and intensity of that interest when once we have returned.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL AIMS

By T/5 R. A. WACHTER

A VETERANS' organization must have for its ultimate end the preservation of the peace for which we are fighting. Since the United States is the one nation which can trip the international balance-of-power scales, we must lead the way in establishing and maintaining justice; first within our own boundaries, and then for all peoples by example. Beset by sectionalism, our

country has been awakened by a global war to the realization that there can be no isolationism for Uncle Sam anymore.

The platform for such an organization should include:

International Field

1. Opposition to harmful "protective tariffs."
2. Protection of the rights of oppressed, weak or colonial peoples.
3. Preservation of the rights of minorities.
4. Organization of international institutions to maintain peace with justice.
5. Development of international economic co-operation.
6. The world order must be governed by the moral law.

National Field

1. Develop labor groups along professional or occupational lines.
2. Develop a national federation of industries to secure equitable and just production and distribution of our national resources.
3. Provide work for all employable men through a national employment agency and decentralization of industry to reach all areas of the nation.
4. Impose heavy taxation of all the higher-income brackets and eliminate tax exemption now granted to "advertising expenses."
5. Extend the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission to include motor and air traffic. This would prevent inter-state tariffs and abolish preferential rates.
6. Harness the tremendous powers of the press, the radio, and the motion picture and theater industries in guiding public opinion. These agencies could call attention to national problems, rather than to the questionable superiority of one product over others in its field. For example, let non-partisan consumers' agencies compare various products and report to the public on "free time," rather than allow a big corporation to extoll its items at a \$1,000,000 per hour "tax free" advertising program.

To set up such an organization, all service men, both those already discharged and those still serving, should be contacted by means of literature, educational talks, or open letters. *THE LINK*, *The Army Times*, *The Infantry Journal* and such publications, as well as the USO branches and service men's clubs, Special Service officers and offices could be asked to back up a publicity program to interest the men in the

development of a social-political organization which is aimed at the preservation of the peace.

The social angle of such a group cannot be overlooked. On the contrary, it must be publicized, and the "Veterans of the Global War" should endeavor to maintain extant USO and service centers. Through national publications and the use of air time to report on special problems, and by insisting that at least one meeting per month be strictly a business meeting, the political side could be maintained without sacrificing the social interests.

"NEW" VETERANS WILL CONTROL

By LIEUT. R. A. HILL

I WILL cast my lot with either of the established groups. I prefer the advantages of experience which the present going organizations have now gained.

My desire is to see the service men organized in a manner that will provide them with tremendous political influence. It is apparent that the existence of groups in addition to the present ones might easily lead to a division of policy and a weakening of the structure.

It seems reasonable, for instance, that the "new" veterans will control the American Legion after this war. They will surely have the advantage in numbers. The "old" veterans might then become a very desirable conservative element within the Legion.

Our service men will want to exert their influence immediately after the close of war, particularly on such subjects as peace programs and world organizations of nations. This objective can be attained if our veterans go readily into the American Legion or VFW, rather than sit quietly by in the hope that some dark-horse group will form a more perfect union.

"VETERANS OF LAST WAR"

By CHAPLAIN MORDECAI L. BRILL

THE veterans' organization I would like to see set up at the earliest possible moment would be one dedicated to the winning of a just and enduring peace. Call us "Veterans of the *Last War*" or call us

what you like, I believe such an organization would throw its weight behind those movements and legislation which would carry us toward the better world of tomorrow.

Specifically, we ought to take an active interest in political affairs and see that the ablest men are elected to public office. We ought to elect men to Congress who do not "fiddle while Rome burns," who are interested in the welfare of the country as a whole rather than the welfare of special interests. We would expect them to deal energetically with the problems of the underprivileged. We would join them in giving security and freedom to every citizen, in uprooting prejudices and establishing prosperity everywhere.

As veterans who have fought in many corners of the earth, we will have learned that countries are interrelated and interdependent. Hence, if freedom and security are pushed around in any one part of the world, they are endangered in *every* part of the world. Therefore, we will have to take an active interest in world affairs. Pain, suffering, starvation or enslavement of a nation or a minority group anywhere in the world becomes our problem.

We will look to our leaders to give us enlightened and energetic leadership in world affairs. A livelihood *can* be assured to every family in the postwar world. Likewise, color does not have to divide tomorrow's world. Someone has said that "our enemies are ditch-diggers seeking to divide and conquer the world, while we are bridge-builders seeking to unite the world." The veterans' organization I envisage will be composed of bridge-builders uniting the world in mutual respect and understanding.

There is a Talmudic saying to the effect that the world rests on three pillars—truth, justice and peace. However, like a three-legged table which topples over if one leg is missing, we cannot have lasting peace unless it is based on truth and justice.

Veterans of the *Last War* (V. L. W.) is the organization I propose. I believe that high-ranking members of the Chaplains Corps should take the lead in organizing it.

"SHOULD BE INTERNATIONAL"

By T/4 ASA V. FRAZIER

SEEMINGLY this war is being fought to preserve such principles as freedom, justice and democracy. I want an organization where freedom and justice are not forgotten after the shooting stops, but where men everywhere will keep these principles alive. In America, we would work to keep the democracy that so many died to preserve. Those freedoms expressed in the Atlantic Charter should be guaranteed to every human, thus preventing "veterans" from being made again twenty years from now.

In order to get the desired results, this organization should be international in scope. Veterans of the world who believe in these principles should have a part in preserving them. It should have chapters in the various countries of the world, similar to other international organizations.

This organization should be economic to the extent that its members are free from want; social to the extent that racial intolerance will not be found among its ranks; political to the extent that it will help elect men to office who will carry out these principles. Finally, it should be seasoned with religion to the extent that all men of the world are considered as brothers.

I think that if such an organization can be formed, the veterans of this war will not only give the world victory today but for the days to come.

"NO DRUNKEN CONVENTIONS"

By PVT. H. D. COLSON

THE military veteran of this war is definitely receptive to the idea of a new and well-planned veterans' organization of some sort—not the sensational type that sees its members using conventions as an alibi for wild escapades and drunken parties. We want an association with constructive, sane and sober thoughts in mind.

We must bear in mind also that there will be a multitude of women veterans after this war. I doubt seriously that our women will be interested in any organization that plays

politics and operates on a basis of monetary profit.

I firmly believe that the ideal veterans' organization would be one based on principles similar to those avowed by the Service Men's Christian League, for Christianity must have a very important place in this organization. Only those who have actually faced death and have seen their buddies killed can appreciate the full meaning of the phrase, "There are no atheists in foxholes." Neither are there atheists in flying fortresses or P-38's. Ask the boys who fly 'em.

I suggest that the Service Men's Christian League join forces with the YMCA, YWCA and similar groups to encourage the peacetime continuation of the USO—an organization firmly fixed in our minds.

"CENTER IT IN THE CHURCH"

By CHAPLAIN RALPH R. HOLLIDAY

SINCE there is now in the service such a voluminous representation from every city, town and village in the country, and a veterans' organization in any community might be unwieldy, and whereas many churches are represented on honor rolls and service flags, and whereas it is the aim and hope that these same veterans will find themselves in the working program of the churches on their return home, would it not be the logical thing to encourage the formation of units of the new veterans' organization within the churches wherever possible?

Much might be said about the Church and the American Legion, but there again both organizations missed their golden opportunity. What a power within the Church a fine, well-regulated unit of veterans could be, and what an influence on the larger departmental conclaves!

CHURCH SHOULD CONTROL

By SGT. EARL C. BROCKWAY

AS a Christian serviceman, I am among those who object to many of the practices and frivolities of the existing organizations. To me their periodic conven-

tions are nothing more than a big debauch, causing the destruction of public and private property, and leaving a large smear upon their own records.

The following is the platform, purpose of, and the outline of administration for the association I would like to have.

Its platform provides for an organization composed of Christian veterans upholding all of the principles for which we are fighting.

Since we have been free from all denominationalism and sectarianism since joining the service, I propose that such a veterans' group encourage and support the movement toward the complete restoration of the Church of Christ in its pure, unified form.

I propose as the name for it, "The United Christian Veterans League," continuing to co-operate with the SMCL, which should continue its fine work with the men who shall be in active service after the war is over.

Its mode of organization should be:

(1) The local chapter as the controlling and beneficiary body, including the Christian veterans of all branches of the service.

(2) The local groups, by successive steps of official bodies, should be united in equality to form the national group.

(3) There should be a very high standard set for the candidates for these offices, with the majority able at any time to recall any who do not maintain such a standard.

Its program should consist of:

(1) A publication expressing its convictions, and allowing the freedom of the press to its members in the truest sense of that liberty.

(2) It should support such benevolence projects as the local group sees fit, with no higher authority imposing or expecting any other obligation. Such benevolences might be:

(a) Supporting some of the missions that we have witnessed the results of in foreign mission fields.

(b) Co-operation in the placement of members in suitable jobs, as economic conditions change in our own nation and the world of tomorrow.

(c) The encouragement and active support of constructive education—physical, mental and moral—for the children of the generation to follow. Reinstate the principles of our present struggle in the public schools.

(d) Full co-operation with the existing religious bodies of the country, in the hope that we may be instrumental in helping unify the Church in its original state.

(3) Such an organization should be one of the means whereby Christianity can control the moral issues of politics, without getting the Church involved directly.

RECOMMENDS LEAGUE PATTERN

By CPL. FRED W. ANDERSON

LINES from two recent moving pictures have made a deep impression upon me. The first, from *In Our Time*, was: "Life has been pretty swell, and it's going to be even better for those who follow us." The second was from *Tender Companion*: "He died so that other kids could get a better break in life than he ever had." To me, and to 25 former members of my old Scout troop in Columbus, Ohio, these two statements sum up everything for which we are working, fighting and willing to die. Obviously, however, the world is not going to become better automatically with the coming of peace. We must teach and guide the coming generation to make the world a better place in which to live. In so doing, Christ and His teachings must have first place.

An organization which did not include the above objectives among its aims would, to us, be woefully deficient. Frankly, we are not much interested in an organization which offers opportunities to go on state- and nation-wide sprees. Neither are we interested in an organization which has for its entire program the holding of prayer meetings—and then does nothing about them.

Certain elements, however, must be taken from each of these. Congenial fellowship and prayer must find their place in any organization which would be entirely satisfactory. Many of us have found such an

organization within the services—the Service Men's Christian League, and we are resolved not to abandon it with the coming of peace. Tremendous influence toward the creation of the "better world" of which we dream, and toward the creation of a "lasting peace" could and would be felt throughout the world by the continuation of this association. A change of name might be desirable after the war, but that is the only change which should be made.

Imagine a million or more young men, working together toward the ideals which the deep religious experiences of this war have developed and ripened in their hearts, and you have the veterans' association which many of us want.

HAVE STARTED THEIR OWN

By CPL. G. A. HARRISON

BECAUSE some of us in service felt that our duties would not end with military victory, because we wanted an association among veterans of *all* nations which will work for greater justice (and, therefore, peace) in the world, we began exchanging views some months ago on the subject of a new veterans' union. Out of that exchange, such an organization is taking shape. Our ranks have increased. Our members are Protestants, Catholics, and Jews.

For many months each of us scouted around for a capable discharged veteran to serve as our clearing-house and begin active organization *now*. We found him in Charles Guy Bolte, 416 West 20th Street, New York City. He is a Dartmouth graduate and was severely wounded at El Alamein. Committees of men already discharged are being set up under his leadership. He edits a bulletin twice a month for all of us. We pay for this, and through it we may express our ideas and receive his report on organizational progress.

We move into a period of confusion and conflict of ideas, but also a period of great potentialities if there can develop an effective alliance among younger men of good will, wherever their homes.

THE SERVICE WOMAN'S ANGLE

By SP/2C BARTON COGGINS

AS an enlisted WAVE, I have talked informally with a number of service women about their postwar plans. In our discussions the topic of veterans' groups often comes up, and opinions vary somewhat but certain general trends in thinking are clear.

Our aims in joining veterans' groups naturally influence which we shall join. Some of us are interested in civic betterment; others have political, patriotic and social aims. Those who are interested in politics need to belong to a long-established powerful organization.

I doubt if we will be eligible for membership in the Veterans of Foreign Wars, though Congress may pass a bill letting us go overseas and that might change the present picture. Most of us are interested in joining the American Legion after the war. Many of our women who have been honorably discharged are already enjoying their affiliations with the Legion.

Membership in the Legion is the best deal from a political standpoint, because it is a known fact that large women's groups are often "pooh-poohed" by legislators while a minority group in a large and powerful mixed organization can gain a great deal by influence from within. Many of our legislators are Legionnaires.

Then, too, we feel that we have stood side-by-side with, or at least back of, the men in service and wish to belong as well to organizations with them after the war. This would, however, not be a substitute for our own women's group.

For we want our own group too. It is a truism that most women marry and then spend their leisure time in social pursuits rather than in strictly civic activity. Our groups will be for comparing experience and bringing back old times. There are now 48,000 WAVES and we hope to double our number—quite enough for a well-knit institution. Ours wouldn't be a flag-waving group. We wouldn't be clamoring for parades. We just want to see each other once or twice a year in the larger cities

and say "Hello" to our old bunk-mates from shore stations and boot schools, and try to keep in touch.

So, you see, no one group will suffice for us. The women in this war are natural born "joiners," and we will want both kinds of clubs to have our names on their rolls.

JOB FOR "SPECIAL SERVICES"

By S/SGT. LEONARD G. STEWART

AFTER three months of service as a flying cadet, I was discharged on account of a flying deficiency, and allowed to re-enlist in the ground forces. While on my first furlough, some hometown Legionnaires who knew about my discharge insisted that I become a part of the American Legion.

To date, my membership has meant nothing more than paying the fee and receiving the monthly publication. The men who have learned about my Legion experience have informed me in no uncertain terms that they would not join either the American Legion or the VFW at the conclusion of this war. The majority of service men I know have expressed their desire to become a part of some new organization for veterans of this war. The Special Service Division of our armed forces should concern itself with the issue and plan now for a postwar convention composed of delegates from all branches of the service.

NO "ROUGH-HOUSE TACTICS"

By CAPT. HARTLAND WOODHOUSE

TO form a veterans' organization with membership gathered from this war, needs the backing of combined religious leaders of all creeds.

During this war more soldiers have turned to religion than ever before. They have learned to pray, and their prayers have been answered—as witness the many instances which have appeared in the public press.

This does not mean an organization for combined worship, but simply one which stands for religious standards and not political. It would do away with the rough-

house tactics displayed in such organizations formed following World War I. For this reason I have never joined either of the existing ones, although I am a veteran of that war also.

As a starter, I suggest taking the standards and pattern of the YMCA as a guide; the "Y" has been successful and has a good record of membership.

"EMBRACE CHRIST'S SOCIAL IDEALS"

By PFC. CHARLES C. CHAPPELL

THE veterans' organization I would advocate must embrace the social ideals of Christ, as revealed in the New Testament.

It must take an active interest in all economic problems, with an eye to the welfare of its members.

It will provide competent legal advice for members when questions arise concerning their previous military service.

It will provide spokesmen to influence legislation favorable toward all veterans' problems.

It must be alert regarding international affairs, pledging its support of sound movements for world peace.

It will champion, by peaceful means, the cause of oppressed peoples.

It will provide for the perpetuation of the organization by elections, conventions, mass meetings, social gatherings and the like.

It will provide a publication for the enlightenment of the public in matters of vital interest to the organization, and of such other matters as pertain thereto.

NO RACIAL PREJUDICE

By PVT. ROBT. V. LEWIS

IN the first place, I suggest an entirely new organization rather than membership in the existing two, for reasons which are quite obvious.

In the next place, it is well to consider the potential power any new organization will have if but from the single standpoint of numbers. A membership of millions, however, cannot of itself achieve the force for

good which America has always needed and will need even more in the days to come if we are to realize fully the democratic ideal.

The leader of the new veterans' organization must be a capable veteran, a man of integrity and vision, and an impartial and efficient administrator who is, of course, well acquainted with the manifold problems of a huge organization of this type. All other officials should be men of like caliber, similarly fitted through background and training for their positions.

I would consider supporting no veterans' organization which did not guarantee that all men and women would be included in the benefits to be derived from membership, regardless of their racial background, their religious affiliation, or where they served their country as members of the armed forces. In my opinion, no group which denies to any segment of its membership the choice of democratic aspiration can hope to accomplish much in the world of the future. Moreover, no veterans organization can contribute to a solution of American problems unless it takes a statesmanlike view of world affairs, for it is indeed evident that Americans cannot isolate themselves from the world's problems.

I likewise feel that any future veterans' organization should act immediately in favor of the best possible proposal for the formulation of an enduring peace based upon justice and a sense of man's humanity to man.

Finally, I shall be willing to join and to work untiringly with any veterans' group which holds up to mankind for practical application the principles of Christianity as a way to success, happiness and peace.

"FORMED BY ONE OF US"

By SGT. CLARENCE E. GARIS

IT is my opinion that the American Legion should never die, and if it is to be kept alive, it is our duty to "follow through" with its ideas and practices. Since I have lived in a small town, in which the American Legion and the American Legion Auxiliary played an important part in all civil

and religious affairs, I do know how it works, and honor and respect it as a veterans' organization. Its members are the Veterans of World War I, and a few new veterans of World War II, who are quite content with it as their veterans' organization. If we must form an organization of our own, it should and must do some of the things the American Legion is doing.

Perhaps the foremost of these is protecting our American way of life and promoting Americanism. Americanism, as the Legion is trying to bring out, is the proud honor of being able to live a free, unhindered life. By setting an example for other people, our organization must be the idol of all organizations, because of its fairness, its deeds, and its principles. It must be an organization we can be proud of.

Our principles should be many, all of them centering on the fact that, above everything else, we want to keep our free way of living, and remain at peace with other countries.

By backing and encouraging the teaching of civics and American history in our public schools, we can train our children in what real Americanism is. We can tell them how to solve civil and foreign problems democratically and economically, and how to make true friends instead of estranged enemies. That is our problem and should be our platform.

Our organization should be formed by one of us, one who has had experience in affairs of country, state or city—a person with a variety of views and a variety of subjects well mastered. He should have the assistance of a capable board made up of men and women from all parts of the United States, who can and will have their views to help form our group.

The American Legion and the Rotary Club can well be our models because of the fine work they do. Our organization is just as necessary as theirs is, for ours is a new generation—our generation of new minds and new ideas.

I, for one, will be more than willing to be a member and an active worker in *our* veterans' organization, to help make our nation a dearer and better place to live.



Re: FELONS IN THE ARMED FORCES

"And when the scribes and Pharisees saw Him eat with publicans and sinners, they said unto His disciples: How is it that He eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners?"

"When Jesus heard it, He saith to them: They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

PROTEST has come pouring in from parents (many of whom are devout church-members) regarding the admission of felons into the armed forces. It seems to me that clear thinking in this instance is the paramount need, followed by emphasis on our immediate spiritual responsibility.

To begin with, let us understand that neither the Selective Service Board nor the army plans to accept certain types of ex-prisoners. No man convicted of crimes listed as "heinous," nor men who are "frequently in difficulty with law-enforcing authorities," nor those who have displayed "criminal tendencies which would render them undesirable associates of enlisted men," nor any who have "long records of antisocial behavior" are accepted.

Now, with that definitely understood, let us face the problem.

Let us admit, at the start, that no person is *really* in trouble as long as he can hang it on someone else! It is when he alone is to blame, and must face that truth, that a guy's in real *trouble*.

But it is the troubled and the sinners who are the chief concern (or should be) of churchmen. For the very warp and woof

of the Church lies in an unshakable faith in the possible regeneration of mankind.

Many young people of excellent background make "mistakes." I know of several instances of young offenders who, with the shoulder-to-shoulder comradeship and faith of their families, have right-about-faced completely, led useful, highly commendable later lives, and almost obliterated from their minds, and the minds of the community, a brief sojourn in some penal institution.

Is it Christian, then, to drag that record out into the crucifying light again? Must we now, when men all over the world are dying selflessly and gloriously in a showdown with Tyranny, revive the individual's shame, and forbid participation in that struggle for the Right? Lads who have become rehabilitated have proven valor; for "valor is the ability towards self-recovery." That valor is now needed on every front. It is the sort of valor which prompts men and women to run headlong into danger for something greater than mere physical survival. Can we stand back, protest or fail to support and applaud that eagerness for service?

"For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake, the same shall save it." And if ex-convicts are willing to risk their lives for something greater than exhaling and inhaling, shall the so-called "good people" try to hamper them for fear that, by association, their son's morals will be endangered?

In conclusion: unless we are willing to "eat and drink with publicans and sinners," we cannot justifiably call ourselves followers of the Christ. And at this time of terrific world-wide emergency, what better medium for regeneration, redemption or rehabilitation, is there than the army, the navy or the marine corps?

The writer personally and earnestly pleads the case of the one-time *sinner*!

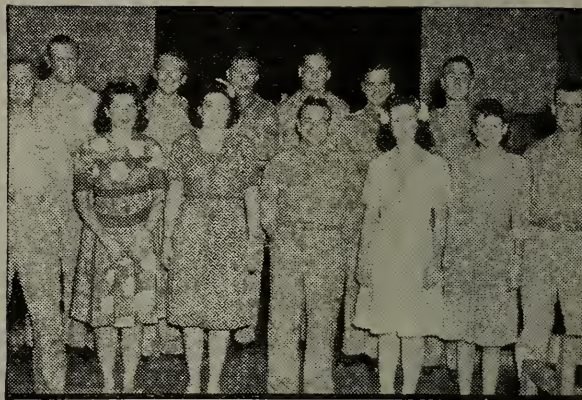
—Mark Crane.



THIS IS YOUR *League*

A COMMUNIQUE FROM THE NATIONAL OFFICE OF THE SMCL

By IVAN M. GOULD



IF you and I could only change places for a day (and a day would be long enough for me), you could see the difficulty of writing to men in the armed forces from an office and I could get some first-hand information on conducting religious services in the Army and Navy. But we cannot change places. We must stay as we are and make the best of it.

That is why, from time to time, in the pages of *THE LINK* we ask you to send us pictures of your League units and descriptions of what you do. Thus, in our imagination at least, we are conducted to the fighting fronts around the world and to the camps and stations in this country. And thus we can report month after month on the progress and development of this, your League.

What! No Officers?

The SMCL is used in so many different ways, it is impossible to pass all the sug-

gestions along. We have stressed the fact that organization, while advisable in most instances, is by no means necessary or advisable in all. There are many situations where the election of officers and the functioning of committees is out of the question. But that should never keep you from aligning your group, however loosely organized, with the League!

We believe something of a record has been established by **Chaplain James G. Ranck** for this informal, no-officer type of SMCL. Chaplain Ranck initiated the League at Quoddy Village, Maine, in October of last year. Since then his battalion has moved across the country and out into the Pacific. But the League has gone along! Writes Chaplain Ranck:

"We meet each Wednesday evening at 1900 for an hour, and use *THE LINK* as the basis of our discussions, which are preceded by a hymn sing and period of prayer. This unit has met continuously since last October with the exception of three weeks spent in travel by train and ship. It is the nucleus of our battalion's spiritual life!"

Another genuine League, though differing from others in its manner of operation, is that conducted by **Chaplain Horace L. Fenton** of the 2nd Strategic Air Depot.

PHOTO AT TOP—Coeducational is the word for this brand-new SMCL unit recently organized at the Army Air Field, Ardmore, Okla. The sponsor is Chaplain C. Allan Goss, seen in the photo with a "happy-about-the-whole-thing" expression. By the time this is in print, officers will have been elected and, we predict, many new members recruited.

He writes: "A few months after we formed our organization, it was decided by the men to combine it with our Post Bible Class, which meets on another night of the week. Technically speaking, the Bible Class does not follow the SMCL set-up in detail. Actually, however, it is carrying on the same kind of work, and I like to feel that we are an active part of the League, even though our organizational pattern is different."

To which we answer, "You certainly *are* a part of the SMCL. Keep up the good work—and keep us advised."

Yes, We Have Officers

In the July issue we spoke of **Chaplain C. L. McGee**, of the 46th Quartermaster Group, and told of the four units of the SMCL he had organized. We thought this was worth an "Oscar," and said so. Then along came another letter listing the League unit of the 121st Quartermaster Battalion, Mobile, and listing the following officers: president, **Sgt. E. L. Matthews, Jr.**; vice-president, **Sgt. Walter Allen**; secretary, **Sgt. Booker T. Holmes**; ass't. sect., **Pvt. Harry Gross**; program committee, **Pfc. Ernest Barnes** and **T/5 Jessie Butler**.

Then, just as we were preparing the above item for press, and rejoicing at this fine accomplishment on the part of Chaplain McGee and his stalwarts, in comes another letter from him—registering yet another unit with 55 members. That brought the total number of members reported by Chaplain McGee in one month to 493. If that's not an achievement of rapid League promotion, then you name one!

But—and here's the point—the organization is as sound as it is rapid. In this latest unit (of the 121st Quartermaster Battalion) the officers are: president, **S/Sgt. B. T. Holmes**; vice-president, **S/Sgt. Ponce De. L. Harris**; secretary, **S/Sgt. Chas. A. Goss**; treasurer, **M/Sgt. Wm. Brownlee**;

business manager, **T/5 Lee M. Gatalin**.

You can look for some intensive and extensive SMCL work from the officers of these two new units, or we miss our guess!

And speaking of officers, **Chaplain D. O. Blaisdell** has found a way of making officers do double duty. Here are his suggestions:

"We are reorganizing our League unit and making use of it in the other phases of our religious program. We have the committees suggested in the Handbook. The League president is chairman of the Program Committee; the vice-president is the head of the Clean Living Committee; the secretary has charge of the Membership Committee; and the treasurer heads up the Social Committee. The Clean Living Committee gets up a church bulletin for each Sunday, which has proved very popular. We think our League, and indeed, our entire religious program for this unit, has great prospects with this set-up."

The League on "Island 2"

Have you heard of the League which includes in its membership sailors, soldiers, marines and seabees? Have you ever heard of "Island Q"? Well, neither had we until now. Nor had we heard before of a League unit which includes in its membership sailors, soldiers, marines and seabees! **E. E. Ockrassa, RM1c, USN**, the secretary, told us about it the other day. He said: "Our meetings are held here on Island Q (there are too many 'Island X's')." That explanation, of course, clears up the mystery and we know just what the secretary wanted us to know and no more. **Chaplain H. A. MacNeill** is the chaplain of this newly organized unit.

Secretary Ockrassa continues: "Our meetings are opened with prayer, hymn-singing, and a short devotional period led by one of the members. At each meeting, we have a Bible-study period, followed by a

topic-discussion period. The discussions are on subjects vital to us as Christian service men; the topics are taken from *THE LINK*, augmented by others suggested by members.

"We have a membership committee, formed of one representative of each unit in the chapter; this committee also arranges the program for the SMCL meetings. At present, our membership is about 20, but we are steadily increasing the attendance. We have decided on the personal approach; for instance, rather than ask a fellow, 'Are you going to the SMCL meeting?' we say, 'Will you go with me to the SMCL meeting?'"

"It is our intent to contact all Protestant men on the island, urging them to attend Sunday services as well as our SMCL meetings. We desire to help bring souls to Christ, as well as to maintain our own 'link' with the folks at home through religion."

We at League headquarters were greatly taken with that system of "personal approach." Surely, putting the matter of League and chapel attendance that way, a "prospect" could scarcely refuse to go along!

Bible Chats

Then there's **Chaplain Ben W. Jackson** who recently started two units of the SMCL which may give others an idea about ways of beginning. The chaplain has been stationed at Denver's Lowry Field. A few weeks ago, three enlisted men approached him with a request for a discussion of certain Bible passages. Chaplain Jackson replied, "How about beginning a Thursday Bible Chat next week?" The men quickly countered with, "Chaplain, let's have it *this* week."

So the three of them, plus the chaplain, constituted the Bible Chat that first week. But the following week 16 men came, and now there are two regular Thursday Bible

Accepts Treasurership of SMCL National Council



J. C. PENNY, noted philanthropist and founder of the nationwide department store chain, who accepted the treasurership of the National Council of the SMCL.

Chats—and both have been turned into full-fledged units of the SMCL. Within two months, five men have made definite decisions to enter the ministry on their return to civilian life. We take our hats off to Chaplain Jackson and his trio of "founding fathers"!

Alaska Answers

The roll of units of the SMCL is circling the globe several times. **Chaplain Victor L. Mabry** answers for a group at Galena, Alaska—wherever that is. We looked for it on the map, but we must either get a new map or a magnifying glass. At least we sympathize with Chaplain Mabry. His isolation from civilization must be spiritually fatiguing. However, he has a thriving SMCL unit and we congratulate him upon that.

While talking about Alaska, we should

also mention **Cpl. James A. Clarke** of the U. S. Marine Corps. While he was at Sitka, he helped organize the first League unit there and was its president for several months. Now Cpl. Clarke is at San Diego—and we wouldn't be at all surprised to hear that he's president of the League there. You can't keep a good marine down!

Advertise the League

Chaplain Duncan N. Naylor is assigned to the 145th Infantry. A few days ago he reported the organization of the Christian League of the 1st Battalion, with **Pvt. Dorman B. Headland**, president; **Sgt. Al Rigby**, vice-president; **Pfc. Frank Beach**, secretary.

The report which Chaplain Naylor sent us was of value for many reasons, but particularly for the following: (a) the officers were elected for a short term and given specific responsibility; (b) no one was discouraged with a small attendance, and (c) the large poster is a good idea for advertising the League. Here is his report:

"At Sunday worship we announced that an SMCL unit would be organized the following Wednesday evening. Twenty-three men gathered and expressed their desire for continued fellowship in prayer, worship and study. It was decided to elect officers at the next meeting.

"At the second meeting the following steps were taken: (1) officers—president, vice-president and secretary—were elected to serve for a period of three months; (2) the vice-president was designated as program chairman; (3) the members voted to follow the Topic Talks in **THE LINK** as program guide for the month; (4) membership cards were distributed to each man, and the chaplain led the group in repeating together the pledge for active members.

"Meetings are held in open-air chapel when the weather permits—in the mess hall if it rains. The vesper hour here in the

jungle is a time of quiet and beauty most conducive to worship. These men are front-line troops and come trekking into the chapel from all over.

"Prospects for an increased membership are good, and we feel we shall have a most successful unit—successful in increasing our spirituality.

"We have made a large poster with the SMCL insignia in color at the top. A space is given to each company, and the names of the men are printed in bold black ink. This serves as advertisement and stimulant to companies having small membership. The poster is displayed at all services."

Jungle League

This communique closes with a tribute to an unknown chaplain. He is still alive, we believe, but we do not know his name. His work is described in a recent bulletin from the Office of the Chief of Chaplains, **Brig. General Wm. R. Arnold**. We quote from the Chief's circular letter:

"The road has caught up with the company I hiked over the trails to see last month. But the men are still carrying on with the organization we left them. A committee was left responsible for Fun Night, another for Discussion Night, Choir, Prayer Meeting and Church Night. The last Sunday night service with this company found us with about fifteen visitors. They belonged to a tribe of natives who had felt the touch of Jesus through the efforts of Christian missionaries. It was interesting to watch them recognize hymn tunes, although only one or two spoke broken English. They knew what the words were in their language though.

"Upon my return, the Service Men's Christian League had supervised the construction and completion of our chapel. A beautiful white, electrically lighted 36-inch cross adorns the front top of the chapel. The electrician not only built and arranged

the cross but placed a reading lamp on the pulpit stand. The entire dedication was a success. It shows what can be done even in the jungle to praise God."

When we look back over the correspondence of a month we are impressed with the size and magnitude of the League. Truly it

is now active "From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand," to the more frequented places of the earth. It is a chain of Christian brotherhood, helping to hold the world together!

Are you a part of it yet? If not, see your chaplain today!

Program Suggestions for an SMCL Unit

BY CORPORAL LESLIE C. WOLFE

IT is best that the Army chaplain designate some particular individual, more preferably his own clerk or assistant, to sponsor and help design the various program details. This step is warranted in at least two ways. In the first place, the chaplain, with innumerable other duties to perform, is often too busy to attend to all the trivia of detailed program planning; and in the second place, the society is and should be an organization for the men themselves.

Effective program presentation is dependent upon suitable program devices. Such devices as visual aids and dramatization are highly recommended. It is true that we remember only 10 per cent of the facts that are told us, while retaining 40 per cent of the impressions which come to us through our eyes, and that those facts which are associated with action on our part register in 80 per cent of the cases.

Few people realize the importance of a proper meeting-place. Too often we shove the young people into some ante or junk room, into some spacious and nondescript hall, or into the main auditorium. They deserve, if possible, a room or small hall of their own—one which provides opportunities for both worship and recreation.

Within consecrated leadership lies the secret of successful young people's work. Interest alone is not enough. One's dedication to the task should be foremost in mind. A good leader or sponsor should possess some knowledge of behavior, an

interest in young people's work, a pleasing personality, and ability to organize.

The Service Men's Christian League here at Camp Beale can really boast of its fine organization, program and turnout. The program is a varied one consisting, among other features, of short dramatic skits, plays, discussion, talks by fellow members. The League is run entirely by the men, the chaplains performing only a supervisory function. Civilian groups are occasionally invited to share and take part in the service.

A number of plays have been given by the members and they have met with unusual success.

The Story of the Resurrection was most beautifully presented. A tomb of rocks was constructed within an olive grove, and olive branches were also placed among the pews, the auditorium taking on the appearance of a lovely garden. The characters were dressed in appropriate costumes, and candles and other lighting devices produced the desired color effects. Pictures of angels (unusually lifelike) were used within the tomb.

Reverently portrayed, the dramatization made a deep impression. Said one of the soldiers after the service: "This is one of the most beautiful biblical plays I have ever seen. It seemed very real to me. I now understand the story of the resurrection." This particular soldier accepted Jesus Christ as his Lord and Saviour a few days later, and was baptized.

Daily Bible Rations

• • • as prepared by the
American Bible Society

SELECTED READINGS FOR THE MONTH

BROTHERLY KINDNESS

1. "Tenderly affectioned one to another" **Rom. 12:9-21.**
2. "He loved them unto the end" **John 13:1-11.**
3. "Brother Saul" **Acts 9:10-19.**
4. "Not weary in well-doing" **Gal. 6:1-10.**
5. "Love the bond of perfectness" **Col. 3:12-4:1.**

THE GOOD CONFESSION

6. "Every one who shall confess Me" **Matt. 10:27-42.**
7. "Upon this rock will I build My Church" **Matt. 16:13-26.**
8. "One thing I know" **John 9:18-34.**
9. "We cannot but speak" **Acts 4:13-22.**
10. "Ready always to give answer" **I Pet. 3:8-17.**

THE TEST OF FRUITFULNESS

11. "Other fell into good ground" **Luke 8:4-15.**
12. "Who shall render Him the fruits in their season" **Matt. 21:33-43.**
13. "Abound to every good work" **II Cor. 9:6-15.**

THE DOOR OF THE HEART

14. How sin gets entrance: murder **Matt. 5:21-26**, adultery **27-29.**

15. A foolish promise, bad companions **Matt. 14:1-12.**

16. Deceit leads not to honor but to shame **Acts 5:1-11.**

17. "The mind of the flesh" and "of the Spirit" **Rom. 8:1-11.**

18. "Godliness with contentment" **I Tim. 6:6-16.**

ENDURANCE

19. "To the end" **Matt. 10:16-23.**

20. "They that were ready" **Matt. 25:1-13.**

21. "If a man abide not in Me" **John 15:1-16.**

22. "That I may accomplish My course" **Acts 20:24-35.**

23. "We faint not" **II Cor. 4:7-18.**

GOD'S SUPPLY OF GRACE

24. "I am the Living Bread" **John 6:47-59.**

25. "Be not anxious" **Matt. 6:25-34.**

26. "How shall He not also give us all things?" **Rom. 8:31-39.**

27. "The whole armor of God" **Eph. 6:10-20.**

28. "God giveth grace to the humble" **I Pet. 5:1-11.**

THE END OF THE ROAD

29. "Then shall the King say" **Matt. 25:31-40.**

30. "Turned into joy" **John 16:12-24.**

31. "They shall see His face" **Rev. 21:22-22:5.**

Prayers designed for private
and public devotions of men
and women in the armed forces

LET *us* PRAY

By G. A. CLEVELAND SHRIGLEY

Compiler and author of "Prayers
for Men in Service," "Wartime
Prayers for Those at Home,"
"Prayers for Women Who Serve."

FOR RIGHT METHODS

❖ O LORD GOD, keep our hearts and hands from any betrayal of Thine eternal values of goodness and truth. Help us to choose the right and to reject the wrong and never to employ evil means in the vain hope of reaching a good end. Purify our intentions, and teach us to attempt only those things which we can carry out according to Thy holy laws. As we strive to do Thy will, may our truth be Thy truth, our honor Thy honor, and our love Thy love. Through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

FOR UNITY AMONG NATIONS

❖ GOD OF HEAVEN and earth, bless our leaders in Church and State who have seen the vision of Christian brotherhood among the nations and who now give their hearts and minds to plan and build Thy Kingdom on the earth. Keep those who lead, and those who follow, fearless and wise in breaking with outworn traditions and institutions.

Make us all unselfish and far-sighted in creating and supporting new agencies to draw all peoples into a just and loving unity of knowledge and effort for the common good. Enlighten and guide us in every step that we may valiantly work for the freedom and fulfillment of the best in individuals and society, that all men may rejoice to do Thy will and exalt Thee as Father and Ruler in every heart. Through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

AS CREATORS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

❖ ALMIGHTY GOD, who turnest our evil into Thy good and makest over our imperfection into Thy perfection, keep us sensitive to Thy good will and love for us and for all men on earth. Even as we perform the stern duties of war, free us from any base delight in destruction for its own sake.

Make us destroyers of the works of tyranny and hate only that we may become creators of

the things of freedom and righteousness. Help us to strive and work for that day when we and all others may give ourselves fully to building a fairer, cleaner world, with false values uprooted and true values implanted, and justice, brotherhood and peace safeguarded for all. Through Him who brought salvation by His Cross, our Saviour, Christ. Amen.

FOR PEACE

❖ O GOD, Author of Peace and Lover of Concord, inspire us by Thy Holy Spirit so that, after the waste and sorrow of war, we, being humbled by our chastisement and repentant for our sins, may build a peace, under Thy guidance, rooted and grounded in Thy divine laws of mercy, justice and love. May men of all nations put aside malice, vengeance and pride, and may our only victory be in faithfully serving Thee as instruments and agents for bringing Thy Kingdom on earth and Thy universal reign over all men and nations. Amen.

AS GIVERS OF STRENGTH

❖ O GOD, may we so welcome Thee into our hearts and so nourish our lives by Thy love that others who come to us in weakness and need shall find in us Thy strength and peace. Amen.

FOR SPIRITUAL VISION

❖ GRANT US, O God, so true a vision of Thy love for all mankind that we shall see Thine image in every person and honor Thee by loving and serving even the least of Thy children on earth. Amen.

AS TRUE DISCIPLES

❖ LEAD US, dear Christ, to walk so surely in Thy Way, to believe so ardently in Thy Truth, and to live so courageously in Thy Life that we shall be Thy closest kinsmen and disciples in Thy Kingdom on the earth. Amen.

Topic TALKS



- *Subject for discussion (first week):*

WHAT DO YOU THINK CONCERNING GOD?

By Robert Caspar Lintner

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Why do we reverence and worship God?* (Psalms 8; 27:14; 95:1-7; John 3:16; 4:21-24)

2. *What do we mean when we say that God is present everywhere, and that He is all-wise and all-powerful?* (Psalms 139:7-12; 44:21; 139:1-4; 147:4, 5; Hebrews 4:13; Matthew 19:26)

3. *Is God a stern judge or a compassionate Father, or both?* (Psalms 7:11; 8:7-10; 103:8-14; 106:1; Luke 1:50; John 3:16)

4. *How personal is God to you?* (Psalms 23; 27:1; Matthew 5:43-48; 6:6-10; Luke 11:2; John 3:16; Acts 17:28)

5. *Why do we call ourselves "children of God"?* (Matthew 5:44, 45; 6:9; Luke 11:2; John 1:12; Romans 8:16-21; I John 3:2; Revelation 21:7)

- *Resource material:*

WHEN you think of God, do you think He is someone who sees and hears and feels, much like a man but infinitely greater? Or do you think of God as the sum total of great creative forces that are entirely impersonal? Or is He a divine Spirit who is creative and benevolent and eternal but does not have human hands or feet or eyes? What do you think concerning God?

This is tremendously important for you, for it underlies your whole attitude toward the universe and helps to determine your attitude toward your own life. What you believe is always important, but what you believe about *God*—and what you then *do* about those beliefs—is most important.

If you think of God as a kindly old gentleman, much like a giant Santa Claus but vastly wiser and richer and able to help a whole world full of people, that will be one thing. Such a God would hear your prayers and help you if it were to his liking, and

if there were still enough presents in his pack to go around. But, as you would realize, he would be limited by his caprices and his foibles and by very definite and actual restrictions set by his lack of knowledge and of power.

He would be angry when you did not pray often enough. You might even think of Him as spiteful enough to calcify your joints with arthritis if you swear or if you commit some terrible sin. I have even known people to believe that He strikes church steeples with lightning, simply because some individual or group had sinned! They do not seem to realize that such an act would be a display of rage that would be inexcusable in you or me. I do not wonder that some people find it hard to pray if they are taught that God is like that!

What I am trying to show you is that your thought of God may be entirely un-

worthy of Him. You are not so likely to belittle His greatness as you are to underestimate His goodness. You may have outgrown some childhood notions about the size or the power of God, without at all outgrowing some of your earlier ideas about the *kind* of Being whom you worship.

Misjudged God's Love

Years ago a fine Christian mother lost a beloved son who sickened and died of pneumonia. Not until after long and bitter months had passed could this loving mother bring herself to pray, because she mistakenly believed that God had deliberately snatched away her son. She was angry with God because she had misjudged His goodness and His love. The son had died of perfectly natural and understandable causes, and not because God was trying to spite or punish her. She had tried to push God down to a smallness of stature that fitted her childhood impression of Him. She did not realize that the mother love that flamed so fiercely within her bruised heart was only a very small and a very dim reflection of the unsearchable love and compassion of the God who had given her a son in the first place, and had not forsaken her or her child in those bitter hours when natural causes had taken him from her and had admitted him, through God's eternal goodness, to eternal life.

Or perhaps you know someone who thinks that God sent this war to punish us and drive us closer to Him. If you worship a God like *that*, tell me where Jesus got His ideas of love and forgiveness!

Or if you happen to be one of that unhappy and tremendously lonely group who think their God is but "the sum of all the good that is *within them*," then you will hardly get up the courage to pray at all to a force that is as impersonal and as unbending as the law of gravity, or as deaf as the teakwood idol before which a brown man

bends in Burma.

But if you think of God as the divine Father whom Jesus taught us to revere and to worship and serve—a Father who runs to meet prodigals and gives them rings and robes and feasts—*then* you have a God to whom you can pray, in sincerity and in utter confidence, and to whom the mere matter of answers to your prayers may be safely left.

Such a God is the same, whatever the weather or whatever your own physical or nervous state. He loves you too much to afflict you with typhoid fever or an inflamed appendix as a punishment for any sin of omission or commission, and He would never think of setting you as a target for a sniper's bullet simply because you had failed to join the church or because you had broken some of the Ten Commandments. He is, you see, a God of love, as Jesus taught us.

In fact, you and I can find no better picture of God than Jesus gave us. More than one theologian, after wrestling with his theological and philosophical conjectures concerning God, has settled down to the belief that we have our best glimpses of God in the words and in the deeds of Jesus.

We Know What God's Like!

How does such a God feel and act toward us? *Jesus came and showed us how*. He takes little children to His heart and holds them up as examples to those who would enter the reality of heaven. He loves us so much that He provides forgiveness and eternal life for us through our faith in Jesus as the Saviour of all men who will believe on Him. This Father made us to be His children, and will never rest content until He hugs us to His heart and teaches us to walk bravely and sturdily in His ways.

You can pray to a God like *that*! And you can come to love Him so much that

you will learn to be less fussy about getting your own way when you pray!

And you can learn to love Him so much that *you will not be afraid to die*. For one of your choicest Christian beliefs will be your faith that death can only usher you into the eternal presence of the God who will forever guard you as a Father, and will guide you in the more abundant life that follows this as day follows dawn.

Three Truths About God

Theologians, who seem to find more time for such conjecturings than you and I, have tried to tell us that three things are true of God. First, He is able to be present anywhere and everywhere throughout this vast universe in any moment of time; they call this *omnipresence*. And they tell us He is able to do anything at any time; this is *omnipotence*. And they tell us He knows everything; this is *omniscience*.

Jesus told us that the Father knew even when a sparrow fell to the ground. A poetic old psalmist lifted up his lilting voice to sing that God calls all the stars by their names. And in the next breath he assured us that He bindeth up the broken in heart! Hearts and stars! The inmost and the most personal is coupled with the utmost and outermost reaches of infinity! What a vast chasm separates this from the simple superstition of the native who spins his prayer-wheel before his dumb and unseeing idol!

If our Father knows the farthest stars and yet notes the fall of a little sparrow, how well He knows those sacred bits of earth where helmented wooden crosses stand guard amid blistering sands or waving flowers! And how tenderly He must remember those hidden shrines where men buried at sea have come to rest among kelp and lichens and anemones, in a quiet sepulchre of beauty beneath those tumultuous waves!

And how well He knows those hidden

yearnings that you have never voiced, even to your mother or your wife or your best girl. For He knows *you*—on your coral atoll or in your streaking bomber or in your foxhole or your bunk—and He still *loves* you, in spite of all your frailties!

How can you ever take His name in vain, once you have seen His stature and sensed His majesty, power and righteousness?

Profanity is a symptom of irreverence for the highest we know. It is a mark also of crudity and vulgarity. But it is also a clear indication of a small mind and a limited vocabulary. It is a temporary surrender of the right to clear and clean speech, as one gives himself to stereotyped and vulgar phrases that are not even worthy of a gutter-snipe. Guard your speech, men, for *others get your measure by the words that pass your lips*.

Sign of Lopsidedness

Give yourself an honest answer to this: Isn't the fellow a pretty lopsided soldier or sailor who will snap to rigid attention when he hears the national anthem, but does not hesitate to smear the name of God with profanity and couple it with lewd speech? Remember *that* when you are tempted to swear. Remember that this old commandment is just as binding and as divine in its origin as the commandment against adultery. Watch those lips of yours, lest you offend God.

All around you are comrades who swear. Some of them are your best friends. You are tempted to be like them, for it is easier to conform than it is to be different. Remember that your occasional use of profanity condones and approves the practice. But every time you check yourself from using profanity and vulgar speech you are casting a vote for reverence for God.

That vote can mean more than you can imagine to some other fellows around you.

Try it and see!

• *Subject for discussion:*

TURNING DEFEATS INTO VICTORIES

• *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Is it true that man's extremity is God's opportunity?* (II Corinthians 12:9, 10)
 2. *What great hope of divine help do we have when life grows hard and stern?* (Psalms 4:1; 34:19; 138:7, 8; Isaiah 43:2)
 3. *Would you say, or not, that there is a kind of cosmic or universal justice that fights on the side of the valiant who struggle for a good cause and will not give up to defeat?* (Psalm 126:6; II Corinthians 4:17; Galatians 6:9)
 4. *How do we find strength to achieve spiritual victory?* (II Corinthians 2:14; Philippians 4:13)
 5. *What is the eternal significance of spiritual victory in our lives?* (Revelation 2:7, 10; 3:12, 20, 21)
-

• *Resource material:*

IS it true that the best defense is a strong offensive or counterattack? Would you say that this is true usually in other realms of life also? Is it usually possible to turn our defeats into victories?

In the May issue of *The Ladies Home Journal*, Major Alexander P. de Seversky, the great Russian aviator, had a magnificent article entitled "I Owe My Career to Losing a Leg." If you did not see the article, you should get hold of a copy and read it, mentally digest it and then store it away for future use.

It is a wonderful story of human accomplishment. But it is far more. It is a stirring and memorable account of indomitable courage and shrewd and calculating ingenuity in the face of defeat.

If you have read it, you will recall that the major maintains stoutly that his challenging victory over the crushing handicap of his loss of a leg was not in spite of it but *because* of it.

He tells how he learned to swim and skate and dance with a wooden leg. He tells

how he deliberately strove to become a much better aviator because of his great handicap. He tells how he repeatedly perfected mechanisms and methods that have enabled him and countless others to fly better. He even tells how he astounded a group of high-ranking officers one day with an unusually brilliant and daring display of stunt flying, and how dumbfounded they were—and how angry—when a man with a wooden leg stepped at last from that plane!

Turning Loss into Gain

It is a thrilling story of how he turned loss into capital which he has turned over and over until it has become tremendous resources for him and for others.

It is such a victory as a virtuoso achieves when every string of his violin has broken but one, and something within him flames into beauty and song and he takes his bow and draws out such music from that one string as he had never thought to make before.

In World War I, just before the Meuse-

Argonne offensive, some of us were gathered one grim night in a meeting, knowing we would probably go forward the next day in a great thrust. A YMCA man stood before us and told a story that I have never been able to forget.

The Man Whose Soul Was at Stake

He told of a great painting in which a famous artist had depicted the scene where Faust and the demon Mephistopheles played at chess, when Faust had staked his soul on the outcome of the game. There they sat, on opposite sides of the board, a small group of pieces there between them—a king, a knight, a pawn, a rook, and some others. Faust's face was drawn and haggard and deathly ashen in his great fear. It was a face where defeat and even death seemed to be carved into every grim and ashen line. It was the face of a man who felt already the first licking flames of the hell he fearfully thought was but moments ahead of him. For had he not staked and lost his very soul?

And the diabolical face of Mephistopheles leered across that board at the haggard Faust with the utterly demonical glee of one who had won his awful victory and was ready to reach out his bony fingers for the stakes.

It was a picture to study and heed. The essence of the great German Goethe's story of Faust seemed to have been distilled there and left in colors for men to marvel at.

But one day a great chess master came and stood there to admire the painting. He studied the faces at first, the fear-struck Faust and the leering Mephistopheles. Then his discerning eyes fell upon the chess board and those few familiar pieces that he knew so well. He began, as only a chess master could, to study possible moves. Suddenly he cried: "It's a lie! *The king and the knight have another move!*"

Long and bitter days and nights were to

follow that tense meeting and this story, as we moved up into position and advanced under machine-gun fire and under the fearful pyrotechnics and thunderings of heavy barrages, and as we spent lonely nights under star-studded skies. But there was at least one soldier who was never able to forget that story and that exultant cry: "It's a lie! *The king and the knight have another move!*"

Yes, I know. The story of Faust and Mephistopheles was only a fiction of Goethe's mind. But it was a fiction that stemmed and blossomed from the universal folly and futility of man when he thinks to turn his back upon the goodness and the grace of God.

And the story of the old chess-master may easily be only another story. But, believe me, that shrill cry of protest and jubilant discovery is true—forever true! *The king and the knight* always have a final move—if the knight is clever enough to move *with* the king and not *against* him.

The God whom I worship is cleverer than all the fictional demons and the flesh-and-blood villains who would checkmate us if they could.

Snap Out of It, Men!

Some of you fellows may be reading these words in the steaming jungles of New Guinea or New Britain, or in the quietly tense atmosphere of a submarine. Some of you may be snatching a brief rest in your foxhole or in your bunk, reading that last letter from Mom or perhaps your New Testament and then your LINK.

You may be flat on your back in a hospital, or in what serves as a hospital at the moment. You, like Major de Seversky, may have felt for a leg and found only a bleeding stump. Or perhaps you found a tell-tale splint or dressing, or a damp mass of bandages over a throbbing eye.

You may have a suspicion that your face

has gone ashen and prematurely old. You may feel that life has suddenly gone utterly and terribly empty, and you may wish they had let you lie where that sniper got you or that bomber blasted you.

Snap out of it, man! You are not licked as long as you can grit your teeth and pray—and hope! Say it—say it in your mind if you can't move those throbbing jaws: "It's a lie! The *king* and the *knight*—God and I—have another move!"

Going to take that move, Bud?

Move from Defeat to Victory

The game isn't over yet. Mephistopheles has leered at you prematurely. Let God show you your next move, and this one move can turn your defeat into shining victory.

Victories are not always easy. But they come if we are worthy of them and if we fight hard enough and if we have God on our side—and if *we are on His side!* That, by the way, is something different. For He is with us always, though we are sometimes *not with Him!*

Years ago a clever and brilliant Negro pianist toured this country. They called him Blind Boone. The music of Beethoven and Bach and other masters flowed through those dusky fingers though he lived and played in a world of physical night. A high point in his programme came when he invited anyone in his audience to come up to the piano and play anything—whereupon, he said, he would then sit down and reproduce it exactly as the stranger from the audience had played it. One night there was a glaring mistake in some amateur's rendition, but Blind Boone reproduced the mistake as faithfully as the rest of the performance! He had a sense of humor. And he had wonderfully developed his skills and his divinely-given talents. He did not live in darkness for nothing. He made a glorious victory out of his defeat.

Not many miles from my home is the estate where the Seeing Eye dogs are trained, each with his own new master or mistress. One day a friend of mine stopped to exchange greetings with one of these blind fellows. There must have been a trace of pity in my friend's voice, for the blind man spoke up quickly and bravely and proudly: "*Don't* feel sorry for us. *We're* happy!"

Could you be happy if you were blind? Perhaps you feel sure you could not. But we are told that blind people are happier as a group than deaf people. God must have a special kind of pity and an unusual degree of kindness for those who walk in the night of physical blindness. "*Don't* feel sorry for us. *We're* happy!"

What a victory!

An Example in an Athlete

Did you ever see Glenn Cunningham run? If so, you were watching a man who had been told he could never even walk again. Years ago he tried to build a fire one cold morning in a country school out in Kansas, but someone had put gasoline instead of kerosene into the can. After they had tried to make his poor burned body as comfortable as they could, they told him he would never walk again.

But they didn't know the stuff in that lad. One day he left his crutches behind. He steeled himself to try to walk—just a little. Then a little more, in spite of the pain. And then a little farther. Then he thought he would try to run. Just a little. And he did. But perhaps few people who have seen those legs streak over a cinder path have thought back to a bitter morning when flames wrapped those seared legs and he must have wished he could die.

Keep your flag flying, fellow! It's worth it!

Map out some objectives! Then take them—with God's help!

• **Subject for discussion:**

SOME PARADOXES IN LIFE

• **Questions and Scripture references:**

1. *Can one be rich in the midst of poverty?* (II Corinthians 6:10; 8:9)
 2. *Is it possible, or not, to be alone and yet not lonely?* (John 16:32)
 3. *Do you expect happiness among those who experience sorrow?* (II Corinthians 6:10; Matthew 5:4)
 4. *How do you get the most out of life?* (Matthew 10:39; John 12:24-26; I John 5:12)
 5. *How is it that death is a paradox?* (John 11:25, 26; I Corinthians 15:53-55; II Corinthians 6:9)
-

• **Resource material:**

HAVE you run across some paradoxes in the service? Have you heard something that seemed to be entirely against common sense, and yet have you discovered it is true? Sometimes you feel sure that a thing simply can't be, and yet you find out that it is.

Heads were solemnly shaken in amazement when the pioneers in aviation said that a contraption that is heavier than air could be made to fly. The hard-headed doubters could not see how a thing that weighs more than air could be made to rise on it.

You don't remember, of course, the grave doubts that people had when someone hit upon the idea that a ship could be made of steel and yet stay afloat. You probably do recall your first reactions when you read that great floating masses of *concrete* are to be built in mid-ocean for hotels and landing fields.

What paradoxes! A crude assemblage of fires and wings and tail is heavier than air and therefore it will fly! A ship is made of steel and therefore it will float!

Or take this one: a soldier is frightened,

and therefore he is a better soldier than the hard-boiled toughie who hasn't sense enough to be cautious and crafty.

Paradoxes, and yet they are not as crazy as you might think.

Well, soldier or sailor, life has quite an array of these paradoxes. They are not as senseless as they may seem. Let's have a look at a few of them.

Take this one: a man is poor but he makes others rich. It doesn't make sense, does it? The great Apostle Paul had something to say about this. In a group of paradoxes, he wrote one day about those who could be "as poor, yet making many rich . . . as having nothing, and yet possessing all things" (II Corinthians 6:10). Isn't that strange?

Do you remember the Roman Catholic monk, St. Francis of Assisi? He renounced wealth and took upon himself the vow of poverty. Do you think anyone has ever been able to compute the wealth he distributed, or to count the vast number whom he has made rich? Can anyone even estimate the millions upon millions of dollars that his spiritual successors in the various monastic

orders have distributed to the needy, and how much still stands today in the vast array of convents and churches and monasteries and hospitals that dot the civilized world?

Making Rich Without Wealth

It works on a smaller scale in individual lives today. A modest woman out in Ohio had a receptacle into which she put a tenth of her modest income. She called it "the Lord's money." She used it to help others and to make the world a better place. Among the children who came out of that home were a professor in a theological seminary and a bishop of one of our great denominations. She has never been able to know how many lives she enriched out of her modest means.

Or consider this: nineteen centuries ago a Man hung on a cross on a knoll called Golgotha. One day He had said that the foxes had holes and the birds of the air had their nests, but that He had not where to lay His head. The incredibly rich Roman Empire put Him to death that horrible afternoon, while men gambled for the robe that had been on His back.

If you had stood there that first Good Friday and had asked any man in that milling throng if he thought this Man or the Roman Empire would be the richer when nineteen centuries had rolled by, can you imagine the look of scorn he would have given you? The prophecy would have been greeted with jeers if someone there had said, "This Man who is so poor will make men rich until the end of time—and then throughout all eternity."

Without a permanent roof over His head, and with no sword in His hand, He now has countless homes and churches and schools and hospitals and orphanages, and His followers far outnumber the Roman legions at their mightiest.

Or look at another paradox. One can be alone, and yet *not* be alone. Read John 16:

32. There is a difference between being alone and being lonely. Remember last night? You lay on your back and rummaged through your wallet. There were some snapshots—a terrier, a little kid with a grin that exposed two tiny teeth up in front, and there was a proud little Mom who was lifting her chin like a veteran. Remember? Suddenly you did not think any more about being alone. And certainly you were not lonely. Because there they were, right at your side. And the funny thing about it was that *you didn't feel they were there until the other fellows had faded away and you were*, as we mistakenly say, *alone!*

Let me remind you that this is the way in which we are most likely to be conscious of God. Jesus, you remember, went out into a quiet place, apart from other people, when He wanted to commune with God. Jesus told us to go into our closet when we pray. Does that seem unnecessary? Remember that it is when we are alone that unseen friends can seem to come very close to us. In the same way we are more likely to realize the presence of God when we are alone. Yes, we too can be "alone, and yet *not* alone."

Finding Happiness in Sorrow

Would you look for happiness among those whose eyes are swimming with tears of sorrow? Paul found it there. "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." Does that seem a strange paradox? Read this word back in the Book of Ecclesiastes: "Sorrow is better than laughter: for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better" (7:3). And it will be interesting to read also the verse that precedes this and also the verse that follows this one.

And then there is a beautiful bit of comfort in the Book of Isaiah, where the one whom the Spirit has anointed is "to comfort all that mourn; . . . to give to them

beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness" (Isaiah 61:2-3).

And in the Book of Jeremiah there is a tender passage where we are assured that God "will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow" (31:13).

Finding Life by Losing It

Perhaps a stranger paradox is that we find our lives by losing them. Read John 12:24, 25. Do you think the young Dr. Grenfell who was graduated from his medical course in England would ever have become so famous and so honored if he had settled down in a modest practice there instead of going to throw his life away in Labrador? Only last night a friend of mine, who had been a practicing physician until his health was impaired, told me how a friend of his has closed up his practice in a delightful suburb so that he and his wife can go to Labrador to help in the work that Sir Wilfred Grenfell so nobly began. And his friend of mine said, with a wistful smile, that he had given his kit some time ago to this physician who is now going to Labrador, and he liked to feel *he* was helping there too.

Do you want to get the most out of life? When "lose" your life for the sake of the Master and you shall "find" it!

But perhaps the strangest paradox of all is the fact that death opens up the doors to life. Possibly the most comforting thing that Jesus ever taught is that death, as we human beings experience it, is *not* death at all but the beginning of the largest possible life. He pointed out that a seed abides alone if it does not fall into the ground and die, but that, *if it dies*, it bears *much* fruit. And there could be no more glorious proof of the truth of those words than He gave us by His own death and His own present power in His world.

Paul gives a striking and an unforgettable statement of this fact when he says that "this mortal *must* put on immortality." It is like a cocoon that seems to be only a drab and lifeless thing, until one hour all the forces of light and life seem to tug at it and burst its drab covering and fling open the doors of life to the gay, winged butterfly that flutters out of its cage and flits, unfettered, into its new world.

One wonders if Paul was thinking of the cocoon when he wrote of us "as dying, and, behold, we live" (II Corinthians 6:9). Or was he thinking of Jesus and His cross and His resurrection and His timeless rule at this moment over men?

Can you think of any greater comfort than this belief that death really opens the doors to endless life? It means that life is not suddenly and forever ended for you if you fall beneath an enemy's gun. It means that you can have implicit faith in the word of Jesus that you shall *never* die. "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall *never* die" (John 11:26).

Do you believe *that*?

If you do, it will give you strength and courage to face whatever life or death can hurl against you!

Solution to Puzzle on page 44

W	E	T	H	Y	W	O	R	D	C
H	O	S	E	A	H	E	R	E	G
I	N	H	E	R	I	T	A	N	C
L	I	S	A	L	A	M	P	E	
E	N	A	T	T				I	T
J	E	W	S	H	H	A	T	H	
U	N	T	O	M	Y	F	E	E	T
S	H	R	M		W	I	S	E	R
E	H	L	I	B	Y	A	N	T	I
A	N	D	A	L	I	G	H	T	
A	N	E	R	K	S	A	E	N	
B	U	R	N	I	N	G	H	S	H
U	N	T	O		M	Y	P	A	T

- *Subject for group discussion:*

WHAT PRICE DISCIPLINE?

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *What is the first duty that discipline requires of us?* (Hebrews 13:17)
 2. *Do you feel, or not, that God disciplines us?* (Job 5:17, 18; 23:10; Isaiah 13:11, 12; 48:10)
 3. *If so, is it to punish us or to train us?* (Psalms 89:32; 94:12; Proverbs 3:12; 13:24; 29:15, 17; Acts 14:22; Hebrews 2:10; 10:31; 12:5-7, 10; Revelation 3:19)
 4. *Should we discipline ourselves in spiritual things?* (Proverbs 22:4; Daniel 10:12; Matthew 17:21)
 5. *What are some of the ways in which we can discipline ourselves in our Christian living?* (Acts 24:16; I Corinthians 9:25-27; Ephesians 4:22-32; James 1:19-27; I Peter 5:6-8; II Peter 1:5-8; Revelation 21:7)
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- *Resource material:*

WHAT is the value of discipline? How many times have you asked yourself that—when, for example, your feet have felt like leaden lumps and your back has ached and you have wished you would never have to salute anybody or stand at attention again as long as you live?

But discipline has its values, and you know them so well that it may seem to be redundant for me to remind you of them. They are too significant for us to forget, and we do well to remind ourselves of some of them.

The first value in discipline is that it teaches us *obedience*. A drill field is no place for individualism. It is not a forum or a debating society. You are not paid to make up your own mind about what to do and which way to turn and how far to go. Others decide those trifles for you. Your first job is obedience.

If you happen to be ordered against a hazard as serious as the sunken road into which Napoleon's men charged at Waterloo, it will hardly be necessary for you to

get in touch with the colonel and advise him that you have grave doubts as to the wisdom of his orders. When he feels your doubts are weighty enough to need airing, he may decide to send for you. Until then, it will be well for you to do your best with the orders without subjecting them to debate, public or private!

Your first duty is simple and utter obedience. Discipline begins here—and some would even say it ends here also.

No Plan for Goldbrickers

With obedience goes another very important thing—*hard work*. This war is no place for softies. Your basic training has subjected you to rigors and gruelling tests such as you probably never have faced before. And they have not been accidental. They have been designed to harden you and give you skills upon which your very life may depend at some future moment in battle.

You may be able to slight the work here and there. If you do, never let yourself be-

lieve you have got away with something. You may have let yourself *in* for something, and that something may be a serious wound or even death.

Don't kid yourself into believing that you can become the best possible soldier or marine or sailor with anything less than the best possible effort to make the most of your training. If you stop short of your best effort to make the most of every task and every lesson, don't blame anybody but yourself if your shortcoming proves to be terribly costly for you. It takes work, as well as obedience, to be your best.

The Art of Self-Mastery

Now we are ready to recognize a third thing which discipline brings—a *quiet mastery of yourself*. Discipline, even in spite of our lack of experience, may serve to give you the advantage of the experience and the wisdom of others. And don't forget this: experience and wisdom may eventually add up to a quiet sense of being sure you are ready and able for the job ahead. This is invaluable.

Did you read the book *Destination Tokyo*? If you did, I make the guess that you were impressed with the quiet poise and sureness of the commander of that submarine throughout the volume. And you will remember that his confidence and poise were reflected in the attitude of the men under his orders. He made decisions coolly and gave crisp orders clearly. And they were obeyed with coolness and with competence.

That was not accidental. Those things are contagious where men live and work together in close quarters and in mutual confidence. This is one of the finest fruits of discipline. Men have a tremendous respect for an officer who knows where he is going and how to get there. And that respect will be even greater if they have the conviction that he will be square with

them and hold himself to account as firmly as he holds them.

Such an officer can insist upon rigid and exacting discipline from his men, and he can get it and retain their respect and their admiration.

So far we have tried to remember that discipline involves obedience and hard work and that it should bring us to a quiet mastery of ourselves—a mastery of self that will help us, in any emergency or danger, to keep cool and competent to exert our full powers in our best efforts.

Now we are ready to recognize a further thing about discipline—it *helps to weld you and your comrades into a unit instead of a mob*. This is tremendously important when men face any great task together. It is doubly important when they face any great danger together. If a man acts alone in such a case, and if his judgment is faulty or his execution poor, there may be terribly disastrous consequences for others about him as well as for himself.

When Officers and Men Are One

This fact also shone in the book referred to above. Do you remember the tense moments when that young lad crawled into the narrow place to remove the cap from the unexploded bomb? That lad's life depended upon his faithful execution of orders and his meticulous efficiency. But the commanding officer's life depended upon that lad too, and the lives of those others on board were hanging on the slender thread of his careful bit of work. They were a unit. He was not a lone man. He and the commanding officer worked together, like two meshed gears in an important mechanism. One had to give orders as clearly thought out as a human mind could make them. The other had to carry those orders out with obedience and with skill and with confidence. Neither dared fail.

But what that book did not tell you in

so many words was the fact that this is one of the supreme results of discipline. Back of those tense moments lay days and weeks and months of working together in mutual respect and confidence and devotion. Discipline brings a man to the point where he knows what to do at a word of command, and he learns to do it with a minimum of thought and of effort.

It Never Comes by Accident

This unity of thought and action shows itself very dramatically in precision of movement on a drill field or a parade ground. Did you ever witness a dress parade at West Point? If you did, you will always remember the sheer admiration you felt at the precision of the cadets in marching and in the manual of arms. It was a living symphony of movement. Legs striding rhythmically, arms swinging like brisk pendulums, men flashing along like identical automatons worked by clockwork! That, fellows is *discipline!* And it never comes by accident!

But remember that this is only the flashy side of discipline. It is just as real a display of discipline when one holds his fire to await a word of command when a regiment is sweeping toward you with fixed bayonets. It is the same kind of discipline when men stand at their battle stations when the impact of an enemy torpedo is expected momentarily. It takes discipline to stand rigidly at attention, immobile as a statue, and wait—and wait.

But how about discipline in our Christian lives? Is it necessary there too? Does God send afflictions upon us to test us and to strengthen us, or merely to punish us?

Wouldn't you say that discipline in our Christian lives can be just as wholesome and even as necessary as it is in the rigid training that you receive in the service?

One more thing: isn't it true that we need to discipline ourselves in the making

of our Christian characters, if we are really anxious to make the most of our lives?

Last night a kindly old Italian did some work on the grape arbor of the place where I live. He combines a sort of homely wisdom with a certain pride in doing a hard job well. I remarked that the prospects seemed good for grapes this year in contrast to last year.

"You *cutta?*" he asked, with one of those dramatic gestures which say more than some of us can put into a sentence or two. "No," I replied, "cut 'em *last year.*" He looked at me pityingly and shook his wise old head. "Shoulda cutta." Then, with an expressive sweep of his arms: "In woods—no cutta—run *all over*—no bigga grape."

I got what he meant. It was a brief but discerning and honest lecture on the need for disciplining lush vines that want to "run all over." In the woods the grapes grow wild and undisciplined by harsh and cutting knives, but the grapes are small. And my grapes, however abundant they might be, would be small, because I had withheld the hand of discipline that leads to fewer grapes but larger.

Character Develops by Testings

Show me a company or a ship where men have had very loose discipline—where they have been allowed to "run all over"—and I suspect I could show you, as my Italian friend would say, "some smalla grape."

Come to think of it, haven't the finest people you have known been those who have known some severe discipline? Do trials and sorrows have a way of sweetening and strengthening our characters?

The next time you feel your commanding officer is hard and exacting, remember that he knows how to make a mob into a *company!*

And it's well for you that he does. Some day it may spell the difference between life and death—for you!

Love

RIDES THE STORM

To some couples wartime separation may be a strain on the marriage tie, but not to this soldier and his wife!

By STANLEY BUCK



ABOUT a year ago I married a young couple in my congregation, and the young wife, whose husband is serving overseas in the armed forces, told me about a prayer verse which she and her husband agreed to use while they were separated.

The verse is found in Genesis 31:49: . . . and Mizpah, for he said, the Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent one from the other." The word, "Mizpah" is the Hebrew word for "watchtower," and it was applied to several towns in ancient Palestine. It was also used as a parting salutation between friends. As used in this verse the word was to be a reminder to both Laban and Jacob of the solemn appeal they had mutually made to God, whose providence watches over the actions of mankind.

For Christmas in 1943 this soldier-husband, stationed somewhere in Europe, sent his wife a lovely pin. Two small gold hearts were fastened together in an attractive way, and on one heart was written the word "Mizpah." On the other heart was written the full verse of Genesis 31:49, as can be seen in the accompanying picture.

A husband stationed more than 3,000 miles away from his bride could not have sent her a more significant and meaningful Christmas present than this prayer engraved on two golden hearts.

In my judgment there is something else about that prayer that is vitally important.

This young couple took the Lord into their lives and into their home. They well realized that their own love for each other had to be reinforced by a higher love, the love of God. And so they asked God to watch over them while they were separated.

And they went further. They agreed between them to read a chapter of the Bible every evening, keeping track of the chapters by a plan which they arranged before their separation, so that each one would read the same chapter each day. Their reading is from the New Testament because a New Testament is all that the soldier husband can carry with him. And as they read their chapter, each one tries to put himself in the other's place and to imagine how the other one interprets it. We have here an example of a daily family altar which works even though the members of the family are separated by thousands of miles.

Let it never be forgotten that, according to statistics, when Christian young people build God into their marriage tie and into their home, their union becomes a more permanent blending of two lives "until death do us part."

May God also grant the quick return of all other husbands, young men and young women who are serving in distant lands, or far waters, and in the blue skies. But, until that day may our prayer ever be, "May the Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent one from the other."



A PAGE OF LAUGHS

» A private, anxious to make an impression on his sarge: "I have traced my ancestry back to an Irish king."

Tough sarge: "Sure, that's aisy. What chanst has a dead man to defend himself?"

» Lonesome Recruit: "I don't believe I have a friend in the world."

Old Timer: "Here's your chance to make one—lend me five dollars."

» A driver and an American major in a motortruck were challenged by the sentry at a crossroads: "Who goes there?"

"One American major, one ton of fertilizer, and one buck private."

They were allowed to proceed, but at every crossroads they went through the same ritual. After a while the driver asked if they were likely to be stopped again.

"I think so," said the major.

"Well, major," requested the private, "the next time we're stopped, would you mind giving me priority over the fertilizer?"

» Private (at mess)—"Hey, Sarge, I think I found a worm in my spaghetti."

Mess Sergeant—"Well, look again and make sure. I ain't got no time to waste on rumors."

» Captain: "Why didn't you salute me yesterday?"

Private: "I didn't see you, sir."

Captain: "Good, I was afraid you were mad at me."

» Recruit to Librarian: "Have you got anything on how to win friends and influence first sergeants?"

» Sailor: "While we're sitting here in the moonlight, I'd like to ask you—"

WAVE (breathlessly): "Yes?"

Sailor: "Couldn't we move over? I'm sitting on a nail."

» Mrs. Roosevelt, on a trip in New Zealand, rubbed noses with a native Maori woman, and somebody wrote a jingle about it, running thusly—

"A poor benighted heathen,

With a jungle for a home,

Who'd think my fame would spread afar,
To lands across the foam?

I wasn't very handsome, I wasn't very bright;

But now they come to see my nose—
The island's greatest sight.

My nose was once a simple nose,

A little flat and bent,

But now my nose is not a nose,

It is a monument.

So, tourists, take your place in line,
And for a modest fee,

Rub the nose that rubbed the nose
Of Mrs. Franklin D.

A thought has just occurred to me

Which I find rather stunning;

Since my nose rubbed the Roosevelt nose

Will it, too, keep on running?"

» Chief Boatswain's Mate: "How long have you been working in this compartment?"

Apprentice Seaman: "Ever since I saw you coming down the ladder."

» Young private Jones slunk onto the parade ground ten minutes late. The sergeant glared at him and then said with icy sarcasm, "So you have decided to come on parade! We were afraid you had signed a separate peace."

APC

c/o Postmaster

SAN FRANCISCO

IN the postmaster's care?
No, not my son,
For when the day is done,
And stars light up
There, one by one,
I close my eyes, and though
I know not where
This boy of mine may be,
I know he is in care
Of Thee.

By MRS. E. W. BLISS
in Moody Monthly



ERVIL



—Wide World Photo

Lord

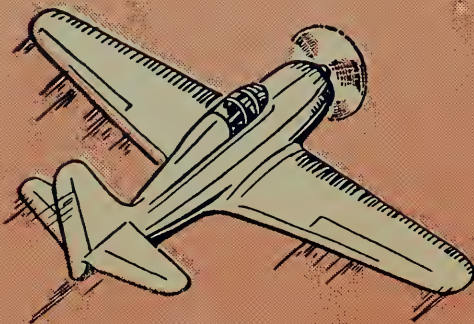
PROTECT OUR AIR FORCE

For those who soar aloft on man-made
wings,
The clouds below, the towering rocks,
The endless deep,
When raging tempest's mighty power
swings
Their slender craft, and fiercely
shocks
The trembling ship.

For those who zoom into the strato-
sphere,
The earth beneath, a darkened ball
At vision's end,
The stars above, the rare and frosty air,
No airfield here within a call
Where one might land.

For those who fly to fight the gruesome
foe
In dark of dawn, in dark of night,
They steer their course
To where in thousand workshops torches
blow
To fashion armored engines of great
might
And fearful force.

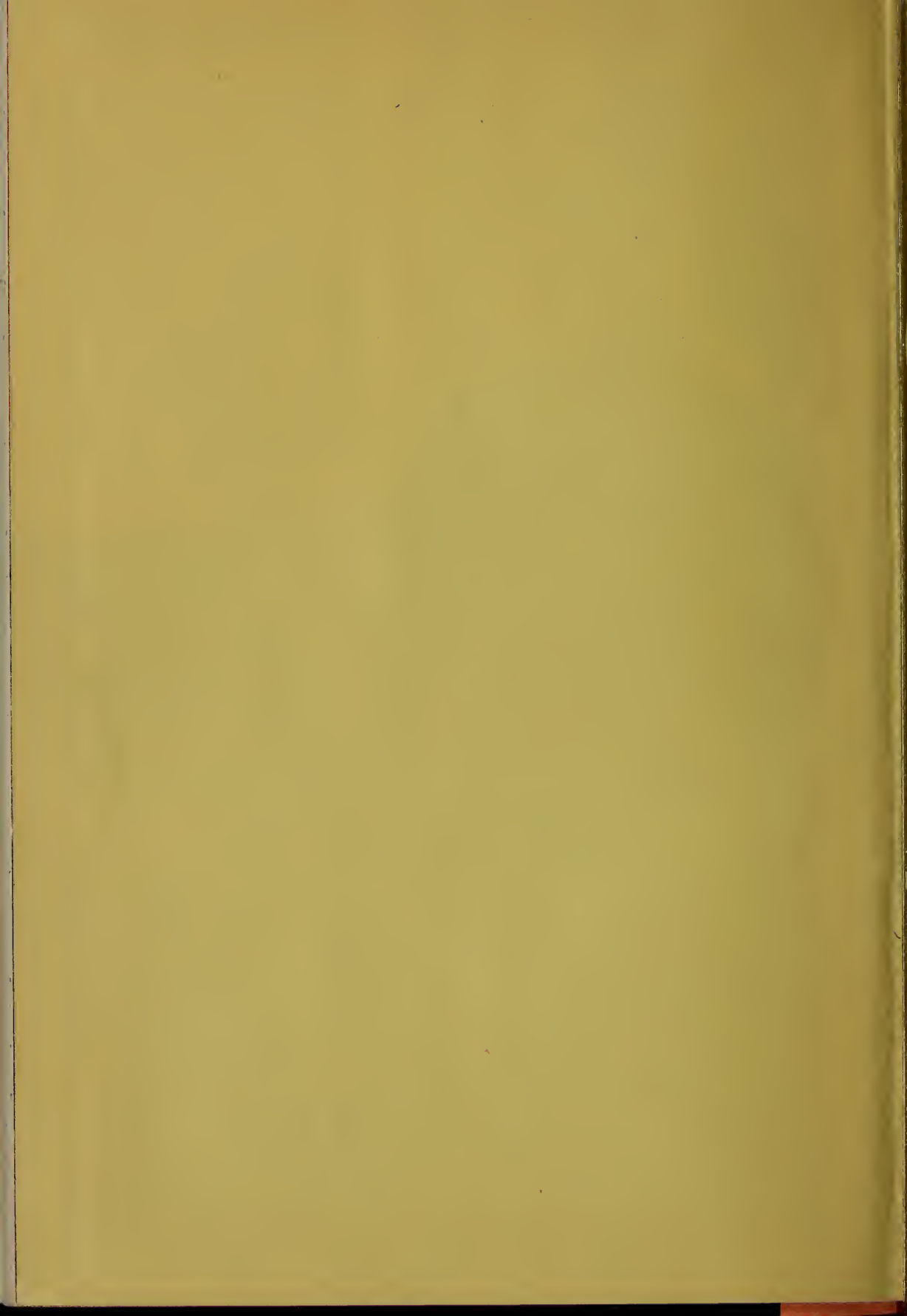
For those who fly through shots and
shells and smoke
And risk their lives in running fight
And deadly fray,
For these, O Lord, protection we invoke!
And make them pleasing in Thy sight,
We humbly pray!



by

EDWARD SOVIK

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